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THE DENS OF DEATH.

BY CHARLES CAXTON.

Here are the crowded thousands in one city,
Each living his own life, and each his own;
Each busily tasks the charge set within it,
Whose life is measured by a frightful span.
Here sickness and disease have seen the light of day;
Here men with death before another meet;
Here mothers breathe their wretched lives away
Upon their smothered innocents are born.

Hi.
The air, sweet token with its heaven-born breath,
Comes to my senses to this dismal den;
It is instead of these, upon the wings of Death,
The infant spring-time of the year is here.
The tales in rags upon its mother's breast,
The children of the block, unconscious cases,
Partakers of its wealth of playing and carousal.

III.
Dance Mammon! hold his bungles to the dead!
Those Molochs of the innocents and old!
In life thou lived in its infancies!
To mould the crowd of appetite and gold!
In life, and let that's good, that's bad, that's
In vain.
Let this great critter be carried for evermore,
And stamp the seller's brand upon the ever
That brings disease, for gain, upon our shore!

THE BROADACRES TRAGEDY;
OR,
The Irrevocable Promise.

BY CARLOTTA KINGSLEY,
AUTHOR OF "THE SUNDERLY NO. 37," "FILIDO, THE BARBER'S SON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.
AGATHA ERISTOUN.

The tick-tock of dying men enforce attention.
"Has she come?"
"No, master; not yet."
"What o'clock is it?"
"It is nearly twelve."
"Twelve o'clock, and three, and no more—were the only sounds which for many hours had broken the solemn silence of a really chamber of death.

The proud master of Broadacres—he whose pride had been engendered and fostered by a long line of aristocratic ancestors—he whose wealth was boundless, and whose power had been colossal—lay tossing upon his dying bed, and knew as he lay, that he knew that that might be accomplished which he loved would give his life to see—and this world of sin and care.

Since twilight the dying man had waited and watched—waiting for the arrest of approaching carriage wheels from without, and watching the door of his apartment for the entrance of one who had been hastily summoned to his side.

It was hard for Marmaduke Eristoun, in the height of his power, and in the midst of his pleasures, and in good health—many of the luxuries, to relinquish earth and its attractions; hard to realize that he must leave it with wishes unfulfilled, with plans half formed which, if accomplished, would have guaranteed a happy future to one whom he loved better than life, riches or honors.

Agatha Eristoun, the heiress of Broadacres, the only child of the dying man, had never been placed in a convent in France several years before the opening of our story, there to complete her education previous to her appearance in the world as the greatest heiress in America, as well as one upon whom nature had lavished every menial and physical charm; but the dread event which this dark night of the 10th of June, 18—, was to see consummated, had cast its shadow upon the household of Broadacres many weeks before, and an urgent message had been sent to the distant convent that the daughter's return to America might be hastened with all possible speed.

It was this arrival, therefore, which the dying man, in his deep anxiety, was awaiting with such feverish anxiety.

"How long since Mr. Andrews drive to the station?" he asked.

"Full hour, I should judge, sir."

"What is the weather without?" he said. "Open the window and let me see."

The servant obeyed. He threw aside the heavy damask drapery and laid his hand upon the sash to raise it. A fine cool air of wind stole into the casement, as though the Angel of Death had suspended his awful wings admittance. The wild storm which burst into the room had blown away the fever-heat in the sick man's veins.

"Close it again," he said, and then, with a shiver, added, "I'm dreadful for the cold to go forth upon such a night as this; yet soon I fear that night will come to me."

The servant now returned to his place at the mantel-piece, resting his hand and turned his ear in a listening attitude.

"I hear the carriage coming now," he said tremulously. "Have no fear, master. The young lady will not be too late."

"God grant it!" ejaculated the sufferer, and sinking back upon his pillow from which he had involuntarily started, he lay quite still, waiting and watching.

Gradually, forth out the wildly howling storm, there was heard the sound of an approaching carriage.

At last, intelligent and intelligent, the dying man knew that the moment for which he had long waited and watched, was near at hand, for he heard the wheels of the carriage as they rolled up the drive-way, and then the sound of hoofs as the horses were reined.

The watcher, at the window, had he patiently raised himself from his pillow as with eager, excited eyes he looked forth upon the dismal night, and it was opened. A fitful gust of wind, with its accompanied rain, and tearful, spiteful boisterousness, rushed across the room and was escaped by the man at the door.

"Thank God, you are not too late Agatha."

"Yes, father, thank God," she echoed between her sobs.

"But tell me that this fearful summons is not fatal?" she cried. "You surely do not look like one who is dying. Your eyes are bright; your hands are cool and moist; the fever seems to have left you, and—"

"Alas! my daughter, do not deceive yourself with false hopes. My eyes are bright, but with the last flickering of life, and the fever which for days has been consuming me has only given place to the chill of death. I feared, I greatly feared that I should die without seeing you, my love, but in the very grasp of death I am content and strengthened by a sudden waste of time. Leave us," he said, to the servant; and the man immediately quitted the apartment, leaving the father and daughter alone together.

"Agatha," he said, taking her hand, "I must indeed speak quickly, for already the breath seems to freeze upon my lips. Do not distress me, my daughter, by your sobs. Command your grief for my sake, for you must remember you are alone in the world."

His voice faltered and became indistinct. A horrible fear fell upon the heart of the girl. Death would defraud him, and baffle the anxiety of his life.

"Quick, Agatha?" he gasped. "Give me your promise."

She bent down a little table near the bedside, and taking the tonic, she poured a few of the invigorating drops between her father's pale, almost rigid lips.

Their effect was instantaneous, for he soon opened his eyes, and addressed the weeping girl with something of his old vigor, yet with more eagerness now than tenderness, for great hopes hung upon the few rapid words he desired to utter to her.

"Agatha," he said, "My death will leave you alone in the world. Do you remember the last conversation we held together?"

"I do, my father," she replied; and then, as though she would save him the pain of speaking, she quickly added:

"You wish me to let me at the convent in Paris. You bade me, you exhorted me to look upon Walter Manning as my future lord. I love him indeed; I do love him, as he deserved to be loved by one who loves him, for he is the creation of a true passion."

"And you have you resolved to accede to my wishes?"

"I can refuse you nothing, father."

"Bless you for those words, my daughter. I cannot now tell you why my heart is so set upon this union; you will learn it too soon. But after my death, in yonder cabinet there will be found papers which—"

With failing fingers he pointed to a tiny cabinet which stood in a remote corner of the apartment, and a fierce cough of wind in the casement, as though the Angel of Death had suspended his awful wings admittance. The wild storm which burst into the room had blown away the fever-heat in the sick man's veins.

"Close it again," he said, and then, with a shiver, he added, "I'm dreadful for the cold to go forth upon such a night as this; yet soon I fear that night will come to me."

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"Alas! my daughter, do not deceive yourself with false hopes. My eyes are bright, but with the last flickering of life, and the fever which for days has been consuming me has only given place to the chill of death. I saw that his entrance had been observed he knew nearer the bedside.

Agatha turned her eyes back to her father's face, and saw that his eyes were fixed, and were still fixed upon the servant.

"Walter Manning!" he exclaimed almost inarticulately.

His words closed, seemingly from very weakness.

"My cousin? Tell my cousin Walter Manning!" echoed Agatha, bending her lips to her father's ear.

A quick affirmative nod was the only reply she could receive.

She sunk upon her knees beside the bed. The dying man seemed his eyes once more, and fixed them upon his daughter with an expression she knew not how to interpret. Sorrow, love, anxiety, fear, all seemed struggling to find simultaneous expression.

He opened his lips to speak, half raised his hand, and then fell back, then dropped them into his lap; the eyelids again dropped over the now lustreless eyes, and the head, inclined to the throat, the grasp upon the daughter's hand was relaxed, and all was over.

CHAPTER II.
BROADACRES.

She stuck
The lady water from her eyes,
And then relieved to God with great alacrity.
SHAKESPEARE.

With her hand bowed upon the counterpane, whereon rested that of her dead father, Agatha Eristoun sighed forth her first wild wail of desolation.

She uttered a wild waste, life a bitter blank, and she longed to follow him to those unknown realms, "Where Manning, my future husband, is to be."

She was aroused to a sense of surrounding by a light touch, a hand placed upon her shoulder, and looking up, she beheld a stranger who had so suddenly, so noiselessly appeared upon that death-bed scene.

Agatha Eristoun was quite forgotten in the presence in the first shock of her terrible discovered, and remembering now that her father's last breath had been exhaled in murmuring the name of this traitor to him, whom she had solemnly promised to wed, she shrunk from the contact of the hand, and the source from which it had been welcomed to Broadacres.

"It is a house of mourning, as you are well aware," she said; "yet its hospitality will be none the less extended to you.

"I doubtless owe you an apology," said the stranger, in a low, sudden and unmannered manner; "but knowing that my uncle was not well, I feared to intrude upon you, and receiving his parting blessing, remained in the hall with unwarrantable boldness, to watch for the moment when a summons from that sick spot. Seek your own chamber, my cousin, and compassionate you as much as possible; spill you will intrust me with the charge of everything in doors. Your woman is necessary."

Agatha Eristoun allowed herself to be led from the room. She was too sore at heart, too thoroughly overwhelmed with grief to trust herself to also blindly obey the suggestions of her cousin, and after issuing various directions with the servants that she overcome. Mr. Walter Manning, should be obeyed in every particular, she sought her own chamber, there to give free expression to her grief.

Leaving the haunted horrors of Broadacres to the care of the servants, we proceed to introduce the reader to the family, and then prepare ourselves for a better acquaintance with the heiress of Broadacres.

The last direct descendant of a noble English family, Marmaduke Eristoun had his ancestry back through many honorable generations.

About the middle of the last century a Eristoun, having married an heiress, had purchased a tract of land in the wilds of America, their expenses, and settled in the state of New York, and with the usual energy of the old world civilization, had soon become one of the most influential men of his adopted country.

Ralph Eristoun, as he married the heiress of Broadacres, was the great-grandson of the first Eristoun who had settled in America, and from him Marmaduke had inherited a large portion of his immense wealth.

Ralph Eristoun had also married the only daughter of a wealthy inhabitant of the state, who, in consideration of the union, had given the estate in America was managed with the most princely splendor, and the young couple, at the occasion with feelings akin to that of royalty.

The wide domain of Broadacres soon had experienced more than royal splendor. Mansions, for though it had known the hospitality since its foundation, it had not been equaled but by the present.

Ralph Eristoun lived but a few years after his marriage, and was survived by his wife, who returned to England, where, in consideration of her husband's services to the state, she was presented at court, and became a favorite with the queen.

Left with sincere affection for America and her institutions, it had been the design of Ralph Eristoun, when in the prime of life, to pass the remainder of his days at Broadacres, and he had commenced the erection of a mansion which should put many of the royal palaces. But the sudden failure of his health changed these dreams, and forced him to content himself with the antique element which had been the residence of the family.

The mansion at Broadacres, situated in the midst of cultivated fields, and flanked on three sides by the dense forests which were the primeval forest, was built in style of architecture but seldom seen in our Northern states.

Originally built with a solo regard to stability, the massive front and lofty towers presented a bold, imposing appearance, which the wings and towers gave an air of clerical grandeur. Additional additions had been made which entirely changed the appearance of the old castle, and the present mansion was one of the most still substantial and imposing, elegantly furnished and surrounded by every evidence of taste and cultivation.

Ralph Eristoun had been thrown out before the deep casements in the towers, and these windows gave on an air of clerical grandeur to the structure, and the high, deep porch which formed the principal entrance to the mansion, as well as the wide galleries at the back of the house, were the perfection of ease and comfort. Vines and trees had covered the gray stones with a wall of living green, and the compact bricks, smooth lawns, brimstoned there, and well-rolled walks, evinced in every land the most scrupulous care.

Within the mansion nothing belied the unity. The style, however, Marmaduke Eristoun had ridled his ancestors' seat in England of its antiquated appearance to enrich the home of his adoption.

Though the modern upholsterer's art had been employed in the most approved fashion, there were other objects which claimed the attention of connoisseurs.

Works of art collected by former upholsterers of the Eristoun name adorned the walls, or stood out white and cleanspoon lofty pedestals; the rooms were filled with genuine treasures, the choicest of the present could produce, mementos of the past, and rare specimens of famous literary works, rare and unique volumes whose antiquity made them precious, were here preserved. There was costly plate, in abundance, in the stout oaken closets which lined the long dining-room; and the family jewels, too precious to be intrusted in the keeping of a school-girl as the gay French capital, were safely treasured in the ebony cabinet, where lay the important papers to which the dying master had alluded.

But what were all these earthly blessings to the young heiress, who, pale, stricken and helpless, lay upon her couch in the lonely chamber lamenting the fate which had so early bereaved her of a fondly loved and protective parent?

Agatha Eristoun, endowed by Fortune with her choicest gifts, had not been neglected by Nature. On the contrary, in person and mind both Venus and Juno seemed to have vied at her birth, for every grace and beauty which could combine to make her perfect, and every quickness and capability which could render her intellectual, were hers.

With the finishing touches of a perfect education, she had returned to her home in the vicissitudes of girlhood, and to the world, a beautiful woman, and one who, from the fact that she was the heiress of Broadacres, was looked upon as a prize by many.

The first opinion formed of people is generally the true one, and when, during the early days of the sorrow, and since consequently did she reflect upon the circumstances of her first meeting with her future husband.

The lamp in the chamber of death had been left burning, and had no necessity of assisting the ocean's commencement; it was only when the day-light was lost on opposing to lose a shadow.

She distinctly remembered his tones, rich strangely enough, to recall them awakening sensation the reverse of pleasurable. He had spoken of sympathetic words of comfort, the touch of his hand when he had it upon her shoulder to rouse her from her kneeling attitude, and solicitous, yet there was a tone in his voice which had occasioned vague fear of—of—she knew not what.

She feared to analyze her feelings further, and in her present excitement that night, during her cousin Initiative, and when she thought of the promise she had pledged to her father, the few impressions she had received seemed to herald nothing of evil.

Her cousin, therefore, to remove [illegible] stand as her protector, and [illegible] something dreadful [illegible] was [illegible] and his low [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

handsome cousin; and love, which follows stealthily in the wake of pity, prepared to take up its abode in her tender heart.

Yet before the tears which for a moment dimmed her eyes had fallen, she saw her cousin's glance fall upon his wounded hand, and immediately an angry flush overspread his brow.

"What caused it?" asked Agatha quickly, not stopping to consider whether the question were ill-timed or not.

"'Tis but an accidental wound," replied he carelessly. "Yet it was so needlessly incurred, that it excites momentary vexation whenever I look at it. A wretched fellow whose pretensions I have on more than one occasion been the means of setting within proper bounds, took the opportunity just before I sailed from England to attack me in a most unwarrantable manner. Instead of giving him over to the police, I rashly closed with him, and in the encounter which ensued I gained this slight scratch. It is a comfort, however, to reflect that my assailant was rather more roughly handled, and I scarcely think I shall be troubled with his importunities again. I was forced to delay my departure for several days on account of this little affray, otherwise I should have been here before the sad event which occurred last night."

This allusion to the death of her father again brought tears to Agatha's eyes; but Walter Manning, who had given the conversation this turn for a different purpose, hastened to say:

"I trust, Cousin Agatha, that I shall not fall under the imputation of eavesdropping if I confess that while I stood in your father's room last night, I heard words which, despite the accompanying circumstances, filled me with rapture."

Agatha made no reply, but rising abruptly from the table, she walked slowly to the window, and leaning her forehead upon the cool pane, looked abstractedly forth.

Attributing her manner to the abruptness of his speech, Walter Manning followed her to the window, and taking her hand in his, said tenderly:

"Forgive me, dear cousin, if I have startled you. My love must plead in my excuse, and moreover, as I also heard words from your own lips which I can never forget, I hoped that your father's wishes might be speedily fulfilled."

"And so they shall be," said Agatha, turning toward her cousin, and offering him her hand. "Though our long absence has made us virtual strangers to each other, yet, relying upon my father's wisdom and judgment, I do not hesitate to accept you as my future husband. But I cannot think of marriage while there are such mournful duties unfulfilled. After my father's remains have been consigned to the tomb—"

She could pursue the mournful theme no further, but putting her handkerchief to her eyes, she murmured a few words of excuse and left the room.

It was her intention to return to her own chamber, but an impulse she could not resist led her toward the apartment where her father lay in the cold embrace of death.

She turned the lock, and entered the silent, gloomy chamber. With a gesture she dismissed the attendant who had all night kept watch beside the remains, and then, with trembling limbs and sorrowful heart, advanced to the side of the bier.

For a time she stood beside it with clasped hands and fixed eyes, wishing, yet fearing to remove the pall from the face, that she might look once more upon those loved features.

At length, with a great effort, she raised her hands and uncovered the face.

With a cry of alarm she started back, for the features which met her gaze she could hardly recognize as those of the father whose peaceful countenance had once been so familiar to her.

The peace, the calm repose were gone, and in their place was the same look of fear, anxiety and inquiry which had so transformed his expression during his dying moments.

The look seemed frozen upon that marble face, and as she gazed, Agatha Eristoun's mind dwelt with painful interest upon the cause of this terrible change.

That it had been occasioned by the entrance of Walter Manning she well remembered; but could the arrival of a loved relative, a trusted friend, be the sole cause of so sudden and fixed a change?

She remembered her father's painful efforts to speak to her once more; she remembered how he had striven to reach forth his arms, as if to clasp her in a protecting embrace, and even while he did so that troubled expression deepened.

With looks where grief was now mingled with deep, mute questioning, the heiress of Broadacres stood beside her father's lifeless form and asked fearful questions of those inanimate features.

Her heart told her that there was a warning conveyed in that dead man's look; but what was the warning, and against what did it bid her be on her guard?

There was but one remembrance which she could cite in reply: the recollection of her father's words respecting her unknown relative. A stranger fear took possession of her when she remembered that her father's warning had not been completed, that he died without mentioning that dangerous kinsman's name, and that she was thus without the means of distinguishing him from among his friends.

The next moment, however, she chid herself for being disturbed by such thoughts, for she reflected that the evil her father dreaded might never come nigh her; and if it should, would there not be one at her side who would be able to cope with it?

As this thought flashed thro[illegible] her mind, she was conscious that a hu[illegible]n hand was drawing the pall up over [illegible]ather's face, and the livid scar upon th[illegible]and told her, even before she raised h[illegible]es to the intruder's face, that her [illegible]stood beside her.

"Again I have been so [illegible] come upon you unawares, Cousin A[illegible] said. "But presuming upon your [illegible] have constituted myself the guar[illegible] your health, as well as of your mate[illegible]erests. Believe me, my cousin, you d[illegible] to brood over your grief. Cherish [illegible]ory of your father as you rememb[illegible]ile living, and do not seek to impres[illegible]ent image upon your mind."

"Then you have [illegible]e change too?" she cried, laying [illegible] hand upon her cousin's, and ag[illegible]k the pall. "Explain to me [illegible] altered expression. It ca[illegible]e very moment of your e[illegible]"

Her cousin st[illegible] two, and passed his hand across [illegible]s though he would fain not look u[illegible] countenance before him.

Agatha continued: "He was but just speakin[illegible] a relative—a kinsman of yours doubtless [illegible]—whose character he abhorred and even dreaded, yet he was struck with death before he could utter his name. Can you tell me what it is?"

It was some seconds before her companion replied, and when he did so his voice had lost the steady calmness it usually bore.

"Why do you seek to know more of that which will only cause you annoyance?" he said. "I indeed know the person to whom your father alluded, but it is many years since I have heard aught of him, and I therefore infer that he is dead. Believing this, let us throw the vail of oblivion over his existence, and let even his name be unmentioned. It may have been decreed by a forbearing Providence that your father should pass the gates of death with the name unspoken."

Again the hand was stretched forth to replace the pall, and this time it was not stayed; but as the features disappeared beneath the white screen it seemed, to the grief-distorted fancy of Agatha Eristoun, that they were galvanized into sudden, momentary, intense life, for that look of trouble deepened into a seeming spasm of anguish, and the heart of the orphaned daughter echoed with an inward cry of warning.

Nearly fainting with terror, she turned a frightened look of appeal to her cousin, but she instantly repressed the words which arose to her lips.

Was it the effect of having gazed so long upon her father's dead face which now turned that of Walter Manning to such an ashen hue? To the eyes of Agatha Eristoun, the one seemed as livid as the other; yet there was something in the dead, troubled face of her father, which seemed more *human* than the lowering countenance of her cousin. The mouth was firmly compressed, his eyes were bent upon the ground, and a fixed, unalterable determination seemed to have settled upon his features, making them look like those of some dreadful statue of Fate.

A chill came over the young girl's heart as she looked upon him. Surely this was not the same companion with whom she had played in days gone by in "Merrie England." Could years of honest endeavor, even of privation, have worked so great a change—a change in his exterior not only, but she now saw in his heart also?

She began to fear the living man at her side. She longed to cry out in her agony and perplexity, to implore from the frozen form before her some token whereby she might be strengthened and guided.

"Agatha!"

She turned and looked her cousin full in the face, though fear and growing aversion blanched her cheek.

"Do you remember your father's last words—the words which he spoke when I stood beside his bed?"

"He uttered your name."

"My name—and that was—"

"Walter Manning."

He said no more, but taking his cousin's cold hand in his, led her from the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRED.'S WIFE.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

"It is too bad!" said Coralie Holbrook, as her mother finished reading a long letter, and deliberately folded it up.

"Too bad!" echoed Ernestine, looking up from a very elaborate and hideous piece of worsted work she was finishing. "It is perfectly outrageous! Why, Fred. might have married *anybody!*"

"And he has married a nobody. Susie Jones!" said Mrs. Holbrook plaintively. "Susan! If there is one name more plebeian than another it is Susan."

"The idea of bringing home a wife from a miserable little western town, when there are such lovely girls in our set," said Coralie. "I had hoped to have Lenore Fletcher for a sister-in-law. She is handsome, accomplished, and rich. I don't suppose Miss Jones is any of the three."

"Probably a tall, lank, red-headed girl, who murders the English language whenever she opens her mouth."

"I don't think that," said Mrs. Holbrook. "Fred. is too fastidious to marry a vulgar or an ignorant girl. Well," and she sighed deeply, "he is married, and we must make the best of it. They will be home this evening, so I will go and put clean towels in the spare room."

There was little else thought or spoken of in the Holbrook mansion through the day, but the unexpected news from the only son and brother.

To say that the hearts of mother and sisters were bound up in Fred. would scarcely be true, for a life devoted to dress and fashionable follies had rather crushed out whatever of that old-fashioned organ they might once have possessed; but the family pride certainly centred around the handsome young son. Was he not junior partner in the flourishing firm of Holbrook & Holbrook, and certainly heir to Holbrook senior, his bachelor uncle and godfather? Had he not inherited a competency in his share of his father's estate, and been educated with every advantage, even to the finishing touch of a European tour? Were there not belles and heiresses in his own circle of friends to be wooed and won? And to think of his picking up some insignificant girl out West, to introduce to the world as Mrs. Frederick Holbrook!

No wonder Coralie brushed out her golden crimps with a vicious dash of the hair-brush, and tied her necktie with a sudden jerk, that brought her to her senses by threatening to strangle her. No wonder Ernestine made nine blue stitches instead of six red ones in her worsted work. No wonder Mrs. Holbrook dropped salt tears upon the toilet service she was arranging in the spare room.

Dinner was waiting—the ladies, all blondes, and all beauties, though differing in age, were in faultless costumes and equally faultless attitudes—when a latch-key rattled in the door, and Fred.'s hearty voice rang out, clear and cheerful:

"Here we are, Susie. Never mind the traps. Tom will attend to them." And the door of the drawing-room opened to admit Fred. and Fred.'s wife.

The ladies all rose and greeted the new-comers with a perfection of courtesy and gentleness of tone that were as cordial as lumps of ice, yet so perfectly well-bred, that, fret as he might, Fred. could find no room for fault-finding. Mrs. Frederick Holbrook was eased of her cloak and hat, an easy chair was drawn to the fire for her use, the weather was severely censured for chilling her hands and feet, and she was informed that dinner would be served immediately. But if the ladies had expected to crush the intruder under the weight of polite ceremony, they were disappointed.

The bride wore a plain steel-colored poplin, with narrow linen collar and cuffs; her hair, of rich dark brown, was gathered back from a fair, sweet face, and fell in natural curls upon her shoulders. Not an ornament broke the simplicity of her travelling dress, yet she could fairly rival the beauty of her sisters-in-law in their rich dinner dresses, with their elaborate coiffures and tasteful jewels. She met their advances with a quiet courtesy that accepted as much real welcome as was offered, but was as far from resentment as it was from affection.

"She is beautiful and refined," Coralie thought, half angrily; "and that travelling dress fits her as if it was cut in Paris."

It was a tedious, ceremonious dinner, and the evening was drearily long. In vain Fred. tried to produce a thaw by cheerful descriptions of his journey, and the incidents of his three months' absence; there was no one to second him, and he was heartily glad to urge his wife's fatigue after her long journey, as an excuse to break up the stiff family party.

Still Mr. Frederick Holbrook was wise in his resentment, determining to say nothing as yet, but trust to his wife's own powers to conciliate his offended relatives.

"They must love Susie when they know her," he thought, "and Coralie will certainly admire her music, while Ernestine will find her as neat a needle woman as she is herself."

But Fred. had not calculated upon one powerful ally against him—jealousy! In a very few weeks the sisters admitted to themselves that young Mrs. Holbrook was casting them in the shade in society. Her beauty was of a high, refined type, and her taste exquisite.

She could play well—not as well as Coralie; but when she sang, a hush would fall upon the most crowded room, to listen to her rich, pure voice.

Fred., busy all day, was satisfied in the evening to see his wife a favorite in society, and apparently happy at home, and asked no questions where no complaints were made. But Susie, gentle and sensitive, lived in a daily martyrdom of courteous cruelty.

Mrs. Holbrook, who had passed her life in a chronic whine for some twenty years, indulged in an additional tear, and more subdued inflection of her dismal tones, when she expanded upon her lost hopes for dear Fred., dealing side thrusts upon the sensitive heart that were full of pain. Coralie and Ernestine, in their frigid rebuffs whenever the young wife made any affectionate advances, soon convinced her of the vain hope of ever obtaining a sister's place in their hearts, and gradually she withdrew from the unequal contest, and isolated herself entirely. To some, this might have been an easy task; to Susie Holbrook it was a positive torture. She loved her husband with a deep true love that would have given love to all who belonged to him. An orphan, and a teacher for three years in a large seminary, she had craved home affection as only those can who have lost it. Having won love from every pupil under her care, she had trusted to her own patience and anxiety to please, to win it from her husband's mother and sisters. But when she failed, she had no cringing subservience to offer. Dignified, and with a gentle pride, she turned away and hid her sore disappointed heart under a courteous reserve as chilling as their own.

Matters were in this unpromising condition when Fred. was obliged to leave home for three months. His portion of the business had consisted, for several years, in travelling twice a year to Europe to select goods for the firm. There had been some talk of Susie's going, but the business required rapid journeys from point to point, with but little time for sight-seeing, and the season—midwinter—offered little attraction for a pleasure trip.

To say that Susie's heart sank at the prospect of three months in her new home, uncheered by Fred.'s presence, unsupported by his love, would give but a faint idea of her dismay, but she felt it was her proper place in his absence, and gave him no hint of her own feelings to sadden his departure.

Yet, when he was gone, in her lonely grief she did make another effort to win a daughter's and sister's place in the household. The failure was complete. Unchecked by the fear of Fred.'s displeasure, the three ladies allowed their jealousy and dislike full sway. If Susie brought her work to the sitting-room, where they were conversing, a dead silence met her, and coldest responses greeted her efforts to talk. If she opened the piano in the evening, Coralie, shrugging her shoulders, lamented in a loud aside the lost opportunities for practice.

There were no little domestic duties to draw them together. Well-trained servants attended to such matters, and either Coralie or Ernestine would have shuddered at the idea of touching a broom or a cooking utensil. Never had Susie encountered such a look of polite horror as greeted her when she owned to a knowledge of housewifely duties, and confessed she did all her own sewing.

Christmas festivities and New-year's receptions were over, when Mrs. Holbrook was taken sick, with what seemed to be a feverish cold. Maria, her maid, was her nurse, and Susie's offers of service being coldly declined, the lady grew worse, with little loving care to comfort her. Her own daughters declared they knew absolutely nothing of nursing duties, and Coralie herself was languid and feverish.

It fell with an indescribable shock upon all when the physician, entering the sitting-room one morning, informed them that Mrs. Holbrook had unmistakable symptoms of small-pox. Coralie fell into hysterics. Ernestine began to faint, but finding no one noticed her, concluded to recover. Susie spoke to the doctor:

"I have not been allowed to see Mrs. Holbrook. Is she very ill?"

"She is, to-day, and delirious. If you have not seen her, however, there is not the least danger of contagion. You had better, however, leave the house. Her daughters will be sufficient nurses."

"I!" shrieked Ernestine; "I nurse the small-pox! I shall go to my Aunt Mary's at once—this hour. You must hire a nurse;" and she left the room hastily.

"I shall go with Ernestine," said Coralie, going toward the door. But before she reached it she fell fainting in good earnest.

"Too late for you to escape, my lady," said the doctor; "you are already on the road to the sickness. Now, Mrs. Holbrook, you may run too. I will hire a nurse."

"I have no idea of running," said Susie gently, though her face was pale, and her voice shook a little. "I am a good nurse, Doctor. Tell me what you wish done."

But the doctor first tried to dissuade her. He knew a little of the position the young wife bore so patiently, and thought she strained her duty. But Susie was resolute. It was Fred.'s mother, Fred.'s sister, and they should have the chance for recovery that tender nursing would give them. She consented willingly to take every precaution the doctor advised, and entered at once upon her self-imposed task.

An hour later every frightened servant had left the house. Coralie had recovered from her insensibility in delirium, and the young nurse had to face her duties literally alone. For two days every detail of nursing, cooking and cleaning fell upon Susie's hands. Then two servants who had had the fearful disease were procured, and quarantined in the kitchen, a sort of depot of supplies being established half way between the sick-room and dining-room.

But the terrible days and nights of nursing fell for nearly a fortnight entirely upon Susie. Faithfully and tenderly the scorned, slighted daughter nursed the suffering mother, the insulted sister nursed the terrified Coralie. Reason returned to the invalids to meet a pale, weary face, full of most loving pity, ever beside them; to find soft, cool hands they had never grasped in affection, performing sickening duties for their comfort and welfare. It was no romantic bathing of fevered brows that was Susie's portion in the sick-room. The loathsome sickness called for such devotion, such positive heroism in a nurse, that the doctor himself stood amazed at the power in the slight figure, the resolution in the gentle nature.

No task was too revolting, no duty too disgusting, if the comfort of the invalids required its performance; and the room was kept always as sweet as was possible. It was touching to see how Susie fought for Coralie's beauty, applying cooling lotions to the burning, itching face, and striving to keep the gloss of the fever-dried hair.

Her reward began when her patients passed the crisis of their illness, and a nurse was finally procured to give her some assistance. Few words of repentance were spoken, but by every mute appeal did Coralie and her mother show their contrition and grateful love, and in the days of convalescence hearts were knit together that could never again grow cold to each other.

Fred. was coming home! That was the news that met Susie when her patients were pronounced out of danger, all risk of contagion over, and Ernestine recalled from her exile. Servants were engaged, the house put in order, and on the day the traveller returned, Mrs. Holbrook and Coralie came for the first time to the drawing-room. The three ladies, invalids and nurse, were all pale and weary looking, but thanks to constant care, the ordeal they had passed had left no disfiguring traces, and Susie had escaped the sickness.

The doctor met Fred. at the steamer, and prepared him for the change he would find, but even he could not explain the atmosphere of love that met the traveller in the circle he had left so cold and constrained. Even Ernestine was shamed into cordiality, when she realized how the burden she had so selfishly thrown aside, had been carried faithfully and tenderly by the sister whose love they had spurned, and whose home they had made miserable.

The years have passed quickly since the winter whose events I have recorded. Coralie and Ernestine preside over homes of their own, but the mother remains in the old house, the loved and loving grandma for Fred.'s children, the ever grateful companion of Fred.'s wife.

MABEL'S LESSON.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Oh, dear!"

Little Mrs. Winter sighed wearily as she dried her hands on the snowy roller towel, and then turned dejectedly toward the laid tea-table.

"Mabel, that sounds unlike you. What's gone wrong to-day?"

Her husband's cheery voice made her start a step, for she had not seen him come in the little front gate. But a cloud settled still lower over her face, as she turned toward him.

"Nothing has gone wrong particularly; no more than it does every day."

Her voice had a gloom in its tones that was not calculated to cheer John Winter on his return from his day's work.

He looked at her in a surprised sort of way.

"Why, Mabel, surely you are not finding fault—you, my little industrious, prudent housewife?"

"But I'm *so* tired, John! To-day I've baked and ironed, and Eddie's been so cross. My back aches so I am positively sick."

He reached out his arms as if to caress her, but she drew back.

"There, the tea is boiling over."

She walked into the kitchen as if the weight of a nation's responsibilities rested on her shoulders; and if John Winter saw the fretful shadow on her pretty young face, he repressed the pain it occasioned him, and with a genial spirit of kindness resolved to make the best of it.

He drew the tea-table from its accustomed place in the centre of the room, near the open window.

"It will be cooler, Mabel, by the window, and it will amuse Eddie to look out. Come, wife, take the rocking-chair and rest your back. I'll pour the tea, and then you can compare my handiness with your own skill."

He playfully seated her in the chair, and jumped their baby boy into his little high chair; and he did it with such a thorough kindliness and thoughtfulness that Mabel's heart gave a compunctious throb when she remembered what had clouded her spirit.

"There, Mrs. W., does your tea suit? If it does, just see if I have sugared the currants to your taste. There, lean back in your chair and tell me what is worrying you. I'll feed Eddie."

So kind, so considerate, with no thought or complaint of his own fatigue; and yet, as Mabel remembered the events of the afternoon, she felt her heart steeling against him.

"Mabel, aren't you going to talk? Have you been out to-day?"

Mrs. Winter's cheek flushed.

"This afternoon, for an hour only."

"Did you take Eddie, or leave him with mother?"

"I took him, of course, and carried him every step of the way to Amy Eldredge's and back. I *do* think you ought to get him a carriage."

She spoke impatiently; and when she mentioned Mrs. Eldredge's name, her husband's face grew stern.

"I need seek no further for the cause of your imaginary troubles. Whenever you go to Mrs. Eldredge's, you always come home dissatisfied."

Mrs. Winter spoke back quickly, excitedly.

"'Imaginary troubles' indeed! As if doing all my own work, all my sewing, and taking care of Eddie, wasn't real enough. I wish to Heaven they *were* imaginary."

"*Mabel!*"

Her husband's voice was sterner than she ever had heard it. She saw his face was grave and pained.

"You needn't say '*Mabel!*' I mean what I say, and you know I am driven to death with work I never did until I was married."

"If you regret it, Mabel, I am sorry. You know why we are living so prudently; you know we want to buy the house and lot next spring, and I remember you proposed to dispense with a girl until we had saved enough money to pay a large cash amount."

"I know I did; but—" She hesitated, and blushed guiltily.

"Let me finish your remark for you, Mabel. You have seen the wife of a man this afternoon who can afford to give her a thousand dollars where I could not give you ten. You have brooded over the thought that Mrs. Eldredge was no richer, as a girl, than you were; that she married a wealthy man—the very one *you* were engaged to once, who would have surrounded you with all the luxuries she enjoys. You have contrasted her position, the wife of a rich, dissipated gambler, with your own, the beloved helpmate of an honest, hard-working man; the mother of a darling babe, Mabel! I wouldn't change places with Richard Eldredge for ten million worlds."

He ceased speaking in his wonted tender tones, and as Mabel lifted Eddie from his chair, John went up to her and wound his arms caressingly around her.

"Forget her, dear, and remember how much we have to be thankful for. Why, this precious baby here is worth an eternity's praises."

But discontent had taken deep and sudden root in Mabel's breast, and she began gathering up her dishes.

"Well, I must go to work again, I suppose. There, baby, be still your fretting! I declare you drive me frantic with your incessant 'ma-ma.' I wish you'd keep quiet one good while, for a change."

The wee little fellow cried all the more piteously, as his mother undressed him with lowering brow, and rapid, unloving hands; and John Winter's face grew grave and sad again.

A picturesque cottage, standing in the centre of tastefully laid out walks; pleasant bay-windows, where creeping vines lent a cool green shade without, and draping lace a purity within; wide piazzas, where stood rustic oaken chairs.

It was a pleasant spot, and on that bright September morning John Winter and Mabel took possession of their new home.

Everything was in order, and a cozily laid breakfast table awaited them.

"Mabel, come. Let us welcome each other home."

But the sombre-robed figure was kneeling by the sofa, in an agony of bitterest tears.

Kindly, tenderly he bent over her bowed head.

"Mabel, don't cry so. Tears are of no avail to call back our little one."

"Oh, I know, I know! But, John, it's not home where Eddie isn't, where his little feet never will patter across the new carpets. Oh, John, if you only knew the dreams I've had of this time—when we'd go in the new house, and enjoy the new things; and we'd have a stout woman to do the work, so I could dress little Eddie and ride him out in his little carriage! Oh, John, and now we haven't got him!"

The mother's voice was pitiful in its touching wail of despair.

"And only think," she went on brokenly, "that only yesterday, the last day in the old house, we buried him. Oh, John, John, I can't leave him under the ground any longer. I know he's afraid to stay there all alone. I feel that I am neglecting him so."

John's mouth quivered, but he laid a firm hand on his wife's shoulder.

"He's not alone, dear. Come, shall we go over the house?"

"Wait just one moment, while I tell you something. Do you remember that night, John, that Eddie was taken with the croup—the day I took him to Amy Eldredge's, and he caught the cold that killed him? John, you have not forgotten the awful, awful wish I made that I would my duties were imaginary? It has come home to me, John, in a far different way from what I meant. Now shall I go with you?"

But Mabel had learned her lesson. She never afterward envied others their blessings, but thanked God for what He gave her.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A LITTLE five-year-old boy was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," etc., were only little oaths, and but little better than other profanities. In fact, she said, he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths. "Well, then, grandmother," said the little hopeful, "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?" "No," said the old lady, "that's only lying."

"How much will it cost to get that watch repaired?" asked a sailor, as he handed his timepiece to a watchmaker, who, after examining it, said, "The expense of repairing that watch will be more than the original cost." "I don't care for that," said the sailor; "I'll give you double the original cost, for I gave a fellow a blow on the head for the watch, and I'll give you two for repairing it."

ONE of the passengers upon the Sound steamer *Metis*, at the time of the disaster, was an exceedingly nervous man, who, while floating in the water, imagined what his friends would do to acquaint his wife with his fate. Saved at last, he rushed to the telegraph office, and sent this message: "Dear P., I am saved. Break it gently to my wife!"

A PHILADELPHIAN had a quarrel with his wife. She sweetened her coffee with laudanum. The bereaved husband "realized" on an insurance policy on her life, then recovered heavy damages from the apothecary who sold her the laudanum, and now spends his evenings with a lovely widow, who soothes him by singing,

"Weep not! We may be happy yet."

WHEN an Indian comes before a Nebraska Court for trial there is difficulty in finding a jury. The other day, a juror summoned on the panel to try an aborigine, being asked if he had any prejudice against Indians, replied, "No; only I've been chased by 'em, have been in several battles with 'em, and would hang every bloody villain of 'em at sight." He was excused.

A PREACHER, one slippery, frosty morning, going home with one of his elderly members, the old gentleman slipped and fell. When the minister saw that he was not hurt, he said, "My friend, sinners stand on slippery places." "Yes," replied the old man, looking at the preacher, "I see they do, but I can't."

A WESTERN editor, speaking of a disappointed politician, says, "He no more rides over the prairie singing the songs of victory, but has gone into oblivion and the bee culture, and goes about with his eyes fixed on the ground, as though looking for a soft spot on which 'to lay him down and die.'"

A MERCHANT in a Connecticut village recently kissed the hired girl while his wife was looking at him through the window. "It is thought that he'll be out again about Thanksgiving," is the comment made by the local paper that reported the case.

THE name of a European artist, which is spelled Wieniawischktchi, gave his English friends who wished to pronounce it great trouble, until a wag suggested that the exact pronunciation was wine-and-whisky, and then everybody easily swallowed it.

A GENTLEMAN who has just returned from Europe says he learned one thing by his voyage, and that is, that a man may be drunk as much as he pleases on board ship, and his stagger will be attributed to sea-sickness or the roll of the vessel.

"COME, go to bed, Freddie; you see it is sundown, and the little chickens all go to roost at that time." "Yes, mamma, but the old hen goes with them."

IT is said that if Midas touched anything, it turned to gold. Nowadays, if you touch a politician with gold, he'll turn to anything.

A CARPENTER in love is not apt to be as handsome as his sweetheart because he is almost always a good deal planer.

MRS. SNIDKINS says her husband is a three-handed man—right hand, left hand, and a little behind hand.

IT is said that iron is a good tonic for debilitated young ladies; that may be so, but ironing is a better one.

WHY should one be cautious about confiding a secret to his relations? Because "blood will tell."

IT doesn't hurt snuff to pinch it.

CURRENT ITEMS.

As a physician, living in New Bedford, was riding toward Tiverton on Monday evening of last week, a man suddenly appeared at his side, presented a pistol, and exclaimed, "Your money or your life!" The doctor raised his right arm, and the pistol was discharged. The ball grazed his hat and passed through the fleshy part of his left arm, below the elbow. While this was going on, another man seized the heads of his horses and attempted to stop them. The animals became frightened, and ran, leaving both the robbers behind, who fired at the doctor, but without effect.

THE telegraph has been found useful in a curious way in Connecticut. A lunatic, who was formerly an operator, lately escaped from the asylum at Hartford, and no trace of him could be found until, one night, an old associate of his recognized his touch in the click of the instrument at his side. The message came from Wallingford, and there, sure enough, the missing man was found, having tried his hand at his old craft, and thereby revealed his whereabouts.

A LAME girl, who had not for fourteen years once left the third-story back room in which she lived, was among those who participated in the late children's excursions in Philadelphia. When carried to the Park, she asked what the grass and trees were, and had to be told the names of the most common objects. She lay on the grass all day, drinking in the air and sunshine, and was seen to weep softly every little while from pure joy.

A NAVAL torpedo, invented for the purpose of blowing enemies' ships into the air, was exploded at Newport the other day, under a heavy raft, with a result which, as a reporter says, "gave the Christian gentlemen who witnessed it perfect satisfaction, as they saw that by its instrumentality they could give their Christian enemies quick transit to another and a better world than this frail orb of ours."

ON Wednesday of last week, while a party of the inmates of the Massachusetts State Lunatic Asylum, in charge of a keeper, were in the woods near Lake Quinsigamond, one of the lunatics suddenly made a dash from the group and threw himself into the lake, swam out about a hundred yards, and then sank and was drowned, without making the slightest effort to save himself.

A WOMAN met her death in England recently under very singular circumstances. She was cracking nuts by striking them with a knife, when a small piece of nutshell flew into her eye. She did not take much notice of it at the time, but several days afterward the eye became very painful and inflammation set in, which was followed by delirium, and the poor woman died.

A HORSE driven by a lady ran away, in Worcester, on Thursday of last week, and plunging over a precipice thirty feet high, came down with the buggy to which he was attached, and its occupant, all in a heap. The lady was but slightly injured, the horse was not hurt at all, but the buggy was badly damaged.

CEDAR CREEK, which flowed under the famous Natural Bridge of Virginia, has entirely disappeared, to the great indignation of the people of that vicinity. Three leaks have been found in the bed of the stream, through which it is supposed the water must have poured into some far underground channel.

ANTOINE GIMBREDE, a French half-breed Indian, living near Pembina, Minn., was attacked by two old wildcats and three young ones, and though he killed and disabled all of them, and succeeded in getting to his cabin, he was so dreadfully torn and mangled that he died in a few hours.

A MAN was run over by a railroad train near Providence, and his head was severed from his body as neatly as it could have been done with an ax.

AN old lady of West Virginia, aged ninety-eight, has figured up three hundred and seventy-six descendants, with three States yet to hear from.

THE Methodist church in Charleston, S. C., was robbed of all its chairs and seats, one night recently, by some sacrilegious thief.

A FAMILY of eight persons was found living in one little room, in Fall River, and all the children, six in number, sick in bed.

A LYNCHING party in Southern Kansas lately seized and hung a party of horse-stealers, consisting of seven men and four women.

A HORSE in Barton county, Ga., recently knocked over a bee-hive and was stung to death by the enraged insects.

THE stove manufacturers of Troy have made two hundred thousand stoves this year.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

He cared he did not count or pay,
He cared for another's grief,
He clothed the naked and narrow way,
He loved his neighbor as himself—
He was an honest man—
A good Samaritan.

He gently raised the fallen up,
For his brave arms were strong and soft;
He gave to them the crust and cup,
And bound their wounds with soft,
A heart beat out for pain
Of this Samaritan.

He saw the victims in the street,
He observed the toiler at his toil,
He stood in storms and winter sleet,
And dressed their wounds with balm and oil.
He was an honest man—
A good Samaritan.

When party strife, like surging seas,
Threatens to rise and overwhelm
Our deeds, like drops of oil, appease,
And we are masters of the helm,
When each adopts the plan
Of the Samaritan.

Our life is worth the living, when
We feel that we have done our needs,
We clasp forward and behind,
And screw it with unselfish deeds.
Let's live as lived the children of
The Good Samaritan.

A BONE of CONTENTION;
—OR—
The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE LADDER TO FORTUNE," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHOOL," "THE LADY OF KIL-DARK," "THE OLD HOMESTEAD," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A NEW VIEW OF AN OLD CASE.

The Waldemar town house was wrapped in silence. The hour was between midnight. The lights burned dimly in hall and library, for Lord Waldemar had dismissed every valet, footman, and maid, and would probably yet be absent for several hours. The cook had gone to her own home to rest for the night. Lord Rupert Hood was in his own room, his thoughts busy with the past and the future. Mrs. Grimrod was under more pressing heavily upon his mind, but he was not content with his progress.

In Miss Floyd's chamber, the heiress and Mrs. Watchley awaited the triumphant visit of Lord Waldemar's business manager. Miss Floyd was in a tremulous and nervous state of excitement. She was in a rebellious and angry mood, Mrs. Watchley perceived, and the latter feature upon her record of disaster toward Lord Waldemar, and her outburst of wrath had additionally qualified her contempt for the sad weaning, and regarding the girl with fully as much apprehension as dislike.

The heiress, in a dressing-gown of pale pink flannel, unbrushed hair, and flushed face, sat with her hair half escaped from the confining net, and her hands clasped tightly upon her shadowing face half turned from Mrs. Watchley.

"Why should Mr. Grimrod come to my room at this hour?" exclaimed Miss Floyd, knitting her brows. "I understand my guardian hour since, and yet he keeps me waiting. How dared he speak to me in such manner as to draw up-room to-night? I am sorely displeased with Mr. Grimrod, I can tell you."

"You did not tell me so, Miss Hilda," said Mrs. Watchley grimly. "He has a good deal to say to you, I suppose, now and then. You have had your own way all your life long, but you will have to bow to your master.

The girl's face reddened as if she had been struck a blow. She was about to reply angrily, but the words died upon her lips. Mrs. Watchley glanced gently, and the manager stole into the room, closing the door on his soft behind him.

He was dressed in his usual close-fitting black garb, and wore his old glasses, and a smug little black skull-cap. His face was as impassive as usual, cool, and unconcerned-like, but there was a red glint in his eyes that showed Mrs. Watchley that he was in no pleasant mood.

He addressed himself to the elder lady without apology, and without asking any question of Miss Floyd.

"I am surprised, Madam," he said, "with the result of your training. Is this girl the gentle creature you used to write me about in such strong terms of praise? Is this girl the high-bred, refined, well-trained lady of whom you wrote with such enthusiasm? Whatever she was by nature, you have spoiled her."

Mrs. Watchley broke out into hysterical sobbing. Hilda Floyd was astonished, and she felt at the terms applied to herself by Grimrod.

"I have petted and humored her," said Mrs. Watchley, in a broken, sobbing voice, "but it was because she never could bear to be humored in anything. She was a child who have her own way from babyhood. She was high-tempered and headstrong, and self-willed, and what is born in one cannot be easily eradicated. I have done my best, and I have loved her well, with all I have left."

"A pretty creature you have made of her!" said Grimrod, his glance full of fire. "A fit result as this that I have toiled and schemed all these long years! She might as well, Mrs. Watchley, that you have done your best to involve a fine of us in a common ruin, with your doting fondness and your foolish subserviency to this fanatical girl's whims. If she can not remember to take a fair share of the blame."

He turned slowly toward the girl.

"Hilda?" he said, in the tone of a master, for the time to be obeyed. "What did you mean by your insane conduct below this evening? Why did you break out upon Lord Waldemar in that manner, when you knew that no converse could take place between his authority forever? Fool! Little, miserable fool! Do you dare to have restraint over your own destiny?"

His taunting words, his tone and manner, aroused all the evil in the girl's nature.

"How dare you speak to me in that way?" she flashed. "I will dismiss the household. I will have you ejected from my room. Lord Waldemar shall never see you more in my house."

She bounded toward the bell-pull. Grimrod, with a sudden spring, had to bound the unwilling bell-rope as adjacent picture-frame, placing it between his teeth.

"At last, I can scream," said the girl, angrily foaming with rage. "I will—"

Grimrod had her again in a rough grip and forced her into a chair, standing over her with a face that gave her into sudden terror.

You will make no outcry at your peril," he exclaimed. "I will not be in my power. I have come in your room to-night to teach you that you are in my power, and that you will listen to me. I decline if you refuse to obey my will! Do you understand?"

You think, perhaps, that the possession of these eight letters which I wrote to Antonio Prinzivalle gave me no power over you? Miss Floyd, in a choking tone. "Fiddle is dead, and the letters are safe under the paper they are written on. Grandpapa would think you a fine lady to dictate to me, would he not? Listen to me, I say! I can if you publish them to every paper in London, and you would not be worth another day's life to me, but I should tell him the whole story, he would disown you on the spot. He is an infidel servant as you are. Bah! I'm not afraid of you," and her voice grew stronger, and her eyes began to flash more. "Let go my arm! Take your hand off me!"

Grimrod obeyed. The girl sprang again to her feet. She began to think that she had in her power to defy him.

"You can relate to your remarks about the letters," said the manager coolly. "I can use them without injuring myself. Lord Waldemar would never forgive me for publishing them. It is true I can take the letters to his lordship and tell him that I bought them of a foreign adventurer, but it is not my purpose to further incense the Baron against you. I will say that the letters are useless to me. And you'll have a clean open your heart to speak. I have told you the exact truth, and I swear to it."

Hilda could no longer affect a doubt she did not feel. She knew that Grimrod had told her the truth—that he was her own father.

A change as deep as death fell upon the fair-haired girl's face.

"Do—do you suppose Lord Waldemar suspects the secret?" she whispered.

"Certainly not. How should he? You do not look like your father, and you had your mother the Aralyn—ha, ha! It he did suspect the relationship, you may be sure that this house would not be big enough to hold him in his wrath."

"Does Darrel Moor suspect it?"

"No, indeed. No one suspects it but we three. The suspicion of it was fatal to Floyd. Darrel Moor would not marry you if he had the faintest suspicion of the truth. He is the true heir. I am satisfied that the real Darrel Moor is dead, and somewhere under the name of Darrel Moor is the heir. Once Darrel Moor's identity is established, he will be master of Moorcourt to its close.

Hilda's face grew colorless and uneasy. He was right. He had summed up the situation. Hangarian Countess might appear to stop his marriage, albeit she could have no power in its present purpose. He feared that Sir Hugh Tregarvon might be loyal to his own interest in the marriage, and prove his—Moor's—real identity to Miss Floyd and Grimrod.

Once let either Hilda or the manager suspect that Darrel Moor or the Lord Waldemar Heir is my lawful and living wife, and that I am the mother of his only surviving child, and the two words were said that would bind Floyd to me. I am impatient to secure my power.

The curate motioned to the two principal actors to take their proper places. The responsive marriage ceremony was commenced. Hilda trembled violently as she stood by the bride. Moor produced the wedding ring. Mrs. Grimrod, who had been sitting in the shadow of the room, was proper and fashionable. The contracting words were spoken. Hilda heard them as in a dream. Darrel Moor placed the ring on her finger, and the clergyman's prayer—amen and all—was said.

As the benediction of the clergyman fell upon the ears of the bride, she felt that she gave a great leap of exultation.

She had realized her dreams all his life of wedding some titled and wealthy lady, and now she had done it. She was a countess. She was rich.

"I am serious," he thought, as he arose to his feet, "and perfectly secure. I am master. Honor, in one way or another. As to the marriage, I have only my own interest to consider. I am sure now to succeed to the barony of Waldemar, and I am sure of the title and the right, and I am sure of wealth unlimited. Nothing can stop me."

The thoughts of his bride, as she shook out her rich robes, and sat down in the chair of state, were: "At last! At last I am a countess! delightedly. "If I do not succeed to the barony of Waldemar, I am sure of Moorcourt, so is right of my husband. Let what will happen, my fortune is assured."

The bridal party adjourned to the vestry. The marriage was entered in the register, and all of their marriage in the church register. Hilda signed her name in a bold, dashing hand, and Darrel Moor signed with a quiet hand to the letter. Mrs. Grimrod signed a fine, delicate fee to Mr. Moor. The curate received no fee, as he was nothing to come then to linger, and received satisfied his party into the body of the church.

The new manager glanced back, and a flood of ruddy light fell full upon his face, Hilda saw that it was Darrel Moor. The curate had hastily hanged, even while, with the fierce light upon his face, he had stood at the altar. Hilda's heart sank within her. Some terrible trouble had suddenly come upon him, and Hilda's intuition told her that it was caused by his exposure of her false position threatening.

"Where are we to go now?" asked Grimrod, halting at the church door.

"To Victoria station," said Mrs. Watchley in a voice trembling with emotion. "Hilda and Grimrod. We must go to the Crystal Palace by the first train. Mr. Moor will remain in the neighborhood to have an elegant dinner in a private room."

"I wish you to go to the Crystal Palace place in which to spend the day," said the manager. "No many lately known as Sydenham that I fear we shall be mistaken for a bridal party. Mr. Moor will go to Victoria and all West End will be there. Still, if we have been seen to enter the church together, there may be no harm done. Mr. Moor, you will go to the Crystal Palace and fireworks this evening. Mrs. Grimrod, Mrs. Watchley and I must stay for them. We shall get away from the Palace before the grand crowd."

They entered the cab and drove to Victoria station.

A train was on the point of departure. They secured a compartment of a first-class car, and steamed swiftly down to Sydenham, reaching the Palace in safety.

They did not immediately go into the Palace and join the crowds, but went to the grounds in front of the Palace, and walked about in front of antediluvian monsters, and they would work their way into the Palace when the crowd lessened.

They had been very silent since leaving London. Even Moor saw that there was something wrong with the bride, and he was given a great thrush of apprehension.

"Come, we go to dine in a private room," he said. "I have ordered it, and the exhibition rooms are crowded already."

They entered the Palace, and proceeded to the dining-rooms, gave their names, and were shown into a private room. A dinner had been especially prepared for their reception.

"We will retain the room until six o'clock," he said, giving the waiter a handful of silver coin. "Let dinner be served at three."

The waiter bowed, and withdrew from the room.

Mrs. Watchley and Hilda removed their bonnets and wrappings. Grimrod walked to the window. Moor followed him.

"Now, sir, what explanation have you to make?" he asked, clapping the manager on the shoulder.

"Why, what explanation?" asked Grimrod.

Hilda and Mrs. Watchley, each in secret trepidation, listened to hear every word between them.

"Come in trouble," said Grimrod, "and I will help you to get out of it. My interests are as my trouble concerns you both equally with my own."

Moor and Hilda alike started. Each thought of the letters written to Antonio.

"I have needed all my strength of will to keep my self-control," said Moor, in a low tone, "and I have needed the manager. "I kept it from you, for I knew that you would not marry me. But you must know the truth now. I am not Darrel Moor, but Lord Waldemar Heir. Temple Gardens, to invest my money for me—for many years as Squire Floyd's agent and Lord Waldemar's business agent, and I have made a good speculation with some of my own part. He embarked my money in two enterprises, one in India, one in Australia, guaranteeing me twenty per cent. profit. Two years ago I received my first dividend from the two bubbles had burst. The diamond mine in India contained no diamonds; the railway company in Australia, in which my money was invested, after paying handsome dividends last year, has just failed, paying not one penny in the pound."

"I am surprised!" exclaimed Moor. "I don't see how you could have been so taken in, Grimrod."

"I was in too great haste to increase my fortune, and so lost all," said the manager. "But the first time to be taken in. The enterprise seemed so safe, and conducted in well-known honest ways, and have now only my salary as Lord Waldemar's business manager.

There was a grave silence, finally broken by Moor.

"Then you can't keep us in luxury as you promised?" he inquired.

"No; my money is gone."

"Then what is to be done?"

You must make friends with your uncle, Mr. Moor," said Grimrod, "and I will help you. If I marry under the name, I may be able to use still more influence with Lord Waldemar. Moor and myself, and Hilda will be able to render the comfort to me. Knowing that you are my friend, I will be very kind to you. Matrimony cannot break. I am willing to allow you the same."

"Everything now depends upon Hilda," said Moor, turning to the bride. "She has a woman's affection. It cannot be too late. The Lord Waldemar estate is worth a fortune, and I am sure that you will be generous to me. This very evening Hilda must practice her arts of fascination upon Lord Waldemar."

They ate their dinner at the appointed hour, and at half past five left the table, took the train back to town. They all remained in the private room, and had a hot dinner carriage, which was in waiting.

They reached Victoria station at last. It was then very evening," said Moor, seating Hilda in the carriage, and closing the door, as Grimrod and Mrs. Watchley were being upon you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WANTED, A SPINNING-WHEEL.

BY ALICE HOLMES.

"I declare, it's too bad!" said Blanche Sarepta, throwing down her book, and beginning to scatter in a sort of picturesque desperation, the articles of her work-basket around her, just because we can't get a spinning-wheel!"

"I don't see why a spinning-wheel should be gotten hold of somewhere in the neighborhood," said Mrs. Bowling.

"Because Aunt Sarepta wants one," said Blanche. "A real love of an old-fashioned spinning-wheel, with a treadle!"

But she's as cross as a crab," dolefully added Mrs. Norton, "and I'm afraid my only one's life's worth to cross her threshold."

"A spinning-wheel!" said Mr. Bowling. "Mr. Piper, look here! You've always visited Aunt Sarepta, and you know all about that sort; you've been a country boy yourself. Where can we get a spinning-wheel for Aunt Sarepta, and how much will it cost?"

"But what is it?"

"Why, a big wheel—that you run with your foot," said Blanche.

"I declare all I" said the knightly Gustavus, scornfully. "Why, any one could do that."

Mr. Piper, who had quietly moved away, had sallied forth on the mission to which he had been appointed, and was already on his way to Aunt Sarepta's.

Aunt Sarepta Bowling lived in an ancient mansion, which had been the family seat of the Bowlings for years, and to consider her or her knees scrubbing her kitchen floor.

"Good-morning, Aunt Sarepta," said Mr. Piper, mildly, as she came out, "and how do you do? I hear that you have a little French Avenue flourish. "We are to have tableaux and a concert at the Academy next week, and it would be a great favor if you would lend us your spinning-wheel."

"Spinning-wheel—fiddle-stick!" said Aunt Sarepta, "Get away! Quick! I'm busy!"

Mr. Piper, however, was not to be so ingenuous retreat before the threatening down of Aunt Sarepta's broom, and he continued:

"But I won't be thwarted this way," said Mr. Piper, "for I've got a plan that I've become myself of the old rattle-trap."

"Rattle-trap!" the fire went his way.

The kitchen clock in the old farm-house had struck twelve, and Aunt Sarepta was busy in the kitchen, when Mr. Piper came to the door of the mansion, and vaulted in at the window.

"Aunt Sarepta," he said, taking her big hands, "And now for the spinning-wheel."

Aunt Sarepta was busy, but she trembled over a red wooden chest, and constituted a large, square, plain, old-fashioned Sarepta, starting from her slumbers, ejaculated:

"Fiddle-sticks!"

A double-like silence ensued.

Mr. Piper, who had long studied the old lady's character, knew that the "fiddle-sticks" was sleepin' here to get a good early start with the spinning-wheel, and therefore, with a flip he fallen: see if I don't."

Within the next few minutes two sturdy young giants, were clattering up the garret stairs with the spinning-wheel, and Mr. Piper with an action cudgel, while Aunt Sarepta followed in the rear, scolding with all her might.

Mr. Piper, beholding this advancing procession, gave a shout of triumph, and sat down, but John Noakes intercepted him with a look that said, "Don't you dare!"

"No you don't!" said that look valiantly, "I'm master here, and I'll have my own way."

"I assure you, my good friends," quoth Mr. Piper, "that I have no intention of looking for Mrs. Bowling's spinning-wheel, for a single moment, and—"

"Then what are you doing here?" asked Aunt Sarepta, "I'll just be spinnin' wheel."

"Ah, ha!" said Mr. Piper, with an ominous chuckle.

"Ah, ha!" said Aunt Sarepta. "Mine fell to pieces a year ago last month, and the spinning-wheel I kept there for the like o' that world. Come, come out!"

Mr. Piper, however, made Piper's knightly courage.

He made his appearance at the hotel breakfast-table the next morning, and before he could interrupt a delicious little three-a-bite between Blanche and Gustavus, he announced:

"Dear me!" said the young lady, "where is the spinning-wheel? I'm dying to see the excellent effort of memory. I do recollect now, I was very young when I saw it last. Where is it?"

"Under the spinning-wheel," slowly answered Gustavus, piqued at perceiving how slight an impression his absence had made upon the lively Blanche's mind.

"Under the spinning-wheel! it" said Blanche, pouting, "because it don't supply one way or the other about the old spinning-wheel. Please don't like me, for I don't care for you, and she rolled her blue velvet eyes toward Mr. Upton.

"You see, Piper," said that gentleman in an explanatory whisper, "we're engaged."

And so the tableaux came off without the appearance either of Mr. Piper, Miss Bloomington, or Aunt Sarepta's spinning-wheel.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1872.

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Alarming Prevalence of Crime—The Want of Effective Talent.

We have ceased, in this country, to be shocked by crime, unless it be attended by extraordinary peculiarities, and even then it soon passes out of the common mind. The very frequency of crime seems to make it less abhorred than formerly.

In old times the community was not satisfied, and would not rest, after the commission of a crime, until its perpetrator was detected and secured. The whole public seemed to make itself into a set of detective amenables, bent upon bringing the guilty to justice.

Now people have something else to do. So, indeed, they had in former days, but now they have so much else to do, and so little interest, originally, in the matter, with the commission of crime, that they turn over the matter of tracking out its authors wholly to the Detective Police.

And who and what are the Detective Police?

They seem to be such, generally speaking, only in name. Undoubtedly some of them are robbers, burglars, and thieves themselves; and altogether, what our detectives seem to be a very stupid set.

Otherwise, why do so many bold and daring crimes, committed in public streets—in the very heart of our city—or, where they ought to be still more easy of unravelling, in country villages—why, we ask, do such offences remain shaded in unpenetrated mystery?

There must be great detective officers. "Old Hays," as he was familiarly known, in this city, who is lived and flourished, must both property and life more secure here.

We do not seem to have any such men nowadays. To some extent the talent to track criminals to a natural gift, like the instinct by which one dog is enabled to scent game better than another. And it is more possessing the qualities by nature, improved by art and cultivation, who should be selected, as far as practicable, for Police officers.

The same vicious mode of appointing to the Police as the other departments, without consideration of partisan services, tends inevitably greatly to impair the force.

Speaking of the callousness of public sentiment to crime, is there in a five hundred of our citizens who, if asked, would be found to remember that, only a few weeks ago, a respectable country gentleman was brutally murdered, in the early edge of the evening, in a public walk of our Central Park—the motive to the crime being a sum of money which he had been seen to take out and put place in his pocket, in the afternoon, and of which he was robbed by his murderer?

The unfortunate victim, although his skull was fractured, lingered several days in a state of consciousness before his death, and was able to give a clear, intelligible account of the transaction, and a description of the robber-assassin, although they were somewhat disguised. And yet these criminals are at large, and likely to remain undiscovered.

Where has our detective force been all this intervening time? Was it not possible to find out, by persevering inquiry and unremitting pursuit, who the persons present when the stranger unexpectedly crossed his money were?

It seems to us that men of real skill and ability as detectives could have ascertained all this and much more, and in all probability have hit upon some circumstance or fact which would have given them a clue to the murderers.

Probably, if there were a stronger public sentiment on the subject, which would permanently demand the arrest of the guilty, there would, in time, appear improvement in it, a greater amount of the talent required on the Police force. As it is at present, only slightly concealed, appears to be committed with impunity, and the chances of detection are slight.

Electricity and Love.

A lover in Arkansas, failing to make a favorable impression on the heart of the girl on whom he loved, went to a fortune-teller for advice. The fortune-teller advised him to try electricity on the obdurate fair one. Thereupon the lover procured an electrical battery, and after a deal of manouvring succeeded in connecting it with a part which the young lady was occupying. At a favorable moment he turned on the electricity, and the young lady sprang toward the ceiling. But she came down again, and, with the lightning flashing from her eyes, caught him by the collar, opened the door, and directed his attention to the sidewalk. This we consider one of woman's rights.

—One of our correspondents, who reads the reports of all the banquets, complains that so much is said about "the memory of Washington," and inquires whether Washington had a better memory than anybody else, that it should be so generally remarked upon.

Trusting Out—Property and Lives.

People are very careful how they trust out their property. Bankers adopt all sorts of precautions to make their loans secure. Traders maintain, at large expense, what are called Mercantile Agencies, with ramifications extending all over the country, keeping a thousand ears constantly listening for every vague if gossip prejudicial to the standing of any one who has occasion to buy on credit, and swift pens, on the writer's telegraph, ready to communicate it to head-quarters, where it is held at the service of all the subscribers, who, by paying so much a year, entitle themselves to such secret information.

Thus particular are people with their money and goods. How it is about trusting their lives to the care of others, and to chance?

A few days ago a large number of persons were riding in a train of cars, toward Rockbrook, N. H. They were rushing on, at about the rate of a mile in three minutes, toward a misplaced switch. The lives of several, and the safety of all, depended upon the switch being set right before they reached the station; and that depended upon the thousand failures, to perform which is not unusual in any laboring man, employed at small pay, and possessing only the qualities without which he can command. If this one man should not be found to possess somewhere within the right position before this train arrived, the collision was inevitable, and several people to be attended with the loss of lives and of limbs, and terrible wounds and bruises, and the passengers were content, considering and happy. Some chatted; some read; some dozed.

The train is coming; it was near at hand. On it thundered, with its tremendous weight and momentum. Alas! the confidence of the switchman turned out to have been misplaced! The switch was left misadjusted—on to the turn-out or side track, where a freight train was standing, and not on to the line on which the express was coming.

And yet to just such risks as this all travelers by rail are constantly subjected, and precisely such dangers—exist, a few miles apart, all along the line.

Is there any remedy for it? Must people expose their lives to chances which they would not take to a small sum of money?

We apprehend that the risk could be avoided, and all the dangers reduced to the reasonableness of the railway companies. This has been substantially done, in regard to the sort, upon a recent collision, by Capt. Tyler, of the steamboat Metropolis.

Capt. Tyler's report is thus succinctly stated in the London Times:

"Captain Tyler then points out, in language which is free from all bias, that the real cause of the collision, that station-masters, signalmen and others were not instructed, in accordance with the rules, that it is the duty of companies to avail themselves of the services of men who have had long experience on the line. Such men, he says, were dismissed in 1871, 45 accidents out of 78, and in 1872, 60 out of 79, were caused by the wheel and brake, the most defective signal arrangements, and the consequent neglect of the men. Capt. Tyler then points out the necessity for the adoption of the most recent improvements, even when they have been fully tested in practice, and of the duty of using greatly increased security in times of fog.

The gist of the whole list stock of the company on whose road the accident occurred, and which was then in operation, immediately fell four or five per cent. We wish a good many others would. The number of passengers died the same day—one was instantly killed—and the number of others in many have died since, and how many may die, and how many remain crippled for life.

We should rejoice to see the company obliged to pay one hundred thousand dollars every life it has taken, and ten thousand for every limb it has broken. Then, and not till then, would the Directors and Superintendent ought to be convicted of manslaughter, and sent to the State prison.

Let us go to work and make railroad travelling safer.

Suffocating Judges and Freezing Jurors.

A few weeks ago, a distinguished English judge committed a contempt of court, which brought on by the bad ventilation of the court-room which he was compelled to hold open their purses.

Aside from public infirmity as would admit any one to be unconscious, it is seldom that a man or woman is forced to resort to such means to avoid punishment. Generally there may be when help must be asked, and we may be a wretched stupidity to be sure, but the struggle will be made; and you may keep the lines of your face in order and the fits of tape from old women who come to you for help, and you will be surprised at the beautiful result. Many a time have I seen the queer little head kept by the twisted lip, and the tinker open-mouthed, and I have in trade for an Italian sweetheart. And you, my dear, can have your shocking yellow hair and let that ragged little boy "hold your head" for you, and you will be in a state for holy prayer. Indeed, the more I think of it, the more I am sure that you pay well, the quicker you get results. But I am a very unhappy chap, and the little knot of consciousness that I have left is a very sad one. Of course we had that doubtful scene when they were disturbed by a loud knocking.

"Who is there?" said Mr. Sawyer, himself confronted by Consider Smith.

"It is I, Sawyer, it is I, here," said Consider, "and I must see him immediately."

"Mr. Sawyer is engaged," said Mr. Sawyer to enter, which the Decons hesitated to give, he was obliged to let him in, and he entered.

"Mr. Sawyer, I am sorry to disturb you, Squire," he said, with a quizzical glance at the Squire, "but I have a matter of the most delicate nature, which I must consult you about."

"Consider Smith," said the Squire, "it might be safe going alone."

"Oh, no," he added on.

As they approached the office, the most unearthly sounds proceeded from it. Frightful whoops and yells, intermingled with the clinking of glass, made up an infernal medley of noises which would have broken the heart of a Bedlamite.

"What can it mean?" said the Squire, "I wonder if Tom——Tom was the Squire's factotum—looked up all night this evening."

"Let me see," Consider pondered—"it was about five o'clock, I think, that I saw Tom on the sidewalk with a box marked 'Congress Water,' which had come by express. I helped him carry it in, and as we put it down, my self-control and left with a pail that I carried the lid off. Being pressed for time, I left Tom to look after the package, and hurried on about my business."

MAKING EACH OTHER MISERABLE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

As if there were not troubles enough in this world that come upon men without human design, people set themselves to work to diminish happiness and to increase misery. Fiendishness fell as that there is in man an organ and faculty of *destructiveness*—that, when unregulated, it inspires cruelty; that it is the root of that horrible pleasure which the old Roman had, and which the modern Americans still have, in murderous gladiatorial shows, contests of wild beasts, bull-fights, etc. Even in the sports of children it is developed clearly a vein of the same quality. People that would not go and see a fight, and who think themselves Christians, have a lively relish for personal altercation, and cultivate the art of inflicting it. The mention of a few of the methods employed will suffice to point the moral.

The delight with which many report bad news, the eagerness with which they report to people evil sayings which cannot but increase the feeling, show us how much evil is inflicted. This is not the trait of villainous natures. It is often the result of real kindness of disposition. It is not anomalous, because it is so very extensive, and is often normal.

Some people scatter pain-producing elements through society, as if they were sowing every where the very seeds of suffering and discord. Others do it for momentary pleasure, without considering the consequences. But now and then we find persons who love to torment a victim. Vengeance naturally prompts it. In their happiness to see some one made miserable, they find their own pleasure heightened. They will smile, and talk in low, sweet tones, and, with the skill of a surgeon, will probe the wound, and cause a keener sense of their stroke, and as every sign of pain their face waxes bright.

In part this is a latent ambition. People that assert themselves in this way, it raises one in his own estimation to perceive that he has power to make others miserable.

But there is a still more common exhibition of this spirit. It is found in the life of the freight train and the passenger train.

We see it in its most unregulated form among children, as they play with each other, make up quarrels, twitch each other's clothes, pull each other's hair, push and struggle, point with taunting fingers, and in a hundred unmeaning ways, that are yet exceedingly mischievous. As they grow up, it often happens that the same spirit is found in the relations of the sexes, and sometimes it is manifested in married life.

Some people are born with youth. Grown folks, good-natured, kind-hearted, well-meaning, full-blooded folks, who, in spite of all, have a perverse spirit in the midst of all their kindness, by which they delight to tantalize and to vexatiously exercise which they will not gratify. Such persons will tease, and provoke, and irritate, for a long time, when circumstances forbid a reply, by equivocal praise, by blunt and rude criticism. They will have been heartily amused, and by hundreds of ingenious ways will have made a fool of a friend, or their pain upon each other.

This is the spirit that is striving to make a thing happy, and, in the attempt, making it miserable. Those who really love each other are the last to indulge in the annoying each other up.

The spirit discovered and even pleasure-covering mischief of outraging which, if deftly done, is called wit.

Wit is the sudden perception of the incongruity of society. One might touch a discord if it were not for the sudden flash of wit that follows and gives delight. A man who is provided with a desire to open the matter as if it were serious, and to be received in earnest, and then there is a gentle badinage, an innocent misunderstanding, and the whole thing is over. But life is full of the other sort. If there is a real thing about which people are sensitive, it is the mosaic by gradual evolution, then it is very easy to produce irritation. And it is the spirit that is the basis of the ridicule of the Jews, and that their ancestral traits still linger in the blood.

BEGGARS AND WORKING FOLK.

Although I must plead guilty to scattering small change among professional beggars myself, I am heartily glad to see that a stop is going to be. Besides, it is not kind to those who really need help to give it.

To be sure, we are not called upon to refrain from being charitable, but to be wise as well as worthy, and I doubt if many beggars are deserving objects of charity. I am not contesting the seal with which certain folks are striving to be humane, and even to become for becoming mendicants, while others are cheerfully and unostentatiously relieving deserving cases of individual distress.

If one can afford to do a little to assist the unfortunate, how much better it is to patronize the poor who are trying to help themselves than to encourage the professionally idle! Why, half the sob for alms on the same plea, and for the tinker going around with a kettle, surely find something to do, if only to exercise his wits. Even the poor old blind man, with pitiable shoes with his little furnace, instead of sitting on a curb-stone, might be found to open their purses.

Aside from public infirmity as would admit any one to be unconscious, it is seldom that a man or woman is forced to resort to such means to avoid punishment. Generally there may be when help must be asked, and we may be a wretched stupidity to be sure, but the struggle will be made; and you may keep the lines of your face in order and the fits of tape from old women who come to you for help, and you will be surprised at the beautiful result. Many a time have I seen the queer little head kept by the twisted lip, and the tinker open-mouthed, and I have in trade for an Italian sweetheart. And you, my dear, can have your shocking yellow hair and let that ragged little boy "hold your head" for you, and you will be in a state for holy prayer. Indeed, the more I think of it, the more I am sure that you pay well, the quicker you get results. But I am a very unhappy chap, and the little knot of consciousness that I have left is a very sad one. Of course we had that doubtful scene when they were disturbed by a loud knocking.

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EARTH'S ANGELS.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

I never saw an angel,
Except the ones in books;
I don't believe a mortal
Has ever met with looks.
We guess at something misty,
With trailing wings of white,
With amber tresses floating,
And garments strangely bright.

But I believe earth's angels
Walk here in mortal guise,
With human hearts and feelings,
Though heavenly beauty rare,
Or see them as they learn us,
Who walked before us,
Their angelhood quite hidden
Because it is so near.

I can remember angels
Who bent above my cradle-bed,
Who were old fashioned beauties,
And faded winter clothes;
The comer was the dearest
Of any one I've known since,
For never claimed a welcome
The dear maternal lap.

With curving arms wide open
To take the weary in,
With patient love for listless
To cradle with a sin,
What better thing could angels
Than be as mothers are?
Then bless the angel mothers
And bid them promise new!

Chair of tender angels
Upon whose faded hair
There shone no crown of glory,
And yet the crown was there;
Forgave the wrongs it knew,
Forgave the wrongs it knew,
And patient rules gave answer
The days of trial through.

Ah, me! the childish angel
Who nestled on my breast
Professes I should not know him
In angelic robe of white;
He wears a wonderful jacket,
And cap, and boots, to me,
Which make him more angelic
Than all the angels be.

There are dear mother angels—
We each possess them now—
Whose robes of better glory
Are daily being spun,
With loving hands to guide us,
With love that leads us on,
And I see well, with mortal eyes,
Walk daily with us here!

SQUIRE SAM'S DEFEAT.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Sam Wiles was a solid character in his native town of Jingleigo. He was what might be called a veritable "self-made man," which he shipped from one side to the other of the political fence, always coming down on the right side, and was a leader in the less sagacious of principle.

He had been through the gamut of political offices, from that of fence-viewer to the more responsible one of Justice of the Peace, in which last he had hoped to die—when his ambition was fired. He plied. He aimed at his ambition, and withal gratified a natural desire he had for meddling in the affairs of his neighbors. He had been elected to the office of Justice of the Peace, and was now running on the ticket of some new party organized to resist the advance of the locusts which had begun to devour the land.

Sam Wiles, in which he had come to be known in Democratic folk, was not a bad fellow, as he was generally known as the "Democratic Socialists, and get up a party on a new element was at hand, and he believed "Squire Sam"—that was his popular title—was the man to lead it. He had been in every one he had ever run for, and, although he had been defeated by his thirty years of manhood never missed his name being called—frequently indulging in repetitions of it by way of encouragement. He was the most liberal construction of the Apostolic injunction granted for circumstantial reasons.

The Squire of the wider "straight," for a permanent office, was a man of fifty-five years old, with a seeming vigor that belied his years. He was a man of little something to look at, but he took the privilege, and the pieces of bibulous resort which had been his lot in life had not left him a wreck.

True, his nose continued as red and his face as ruddy as ever; but Squire Sam had to the mosquito, and the landlord with whom he had boarded for years had come to look upon the Squire as a fixture, and the Squire always had a hearty look in the morning, and were apt to be found burning fluid already on the water pitcher. But the landlord was a man of his word, and "Squire Sam owes me his bar," as he called it—in other words, for the privilege of the bar-room—was reasonable, and probably a little exaggerated the forbearance. The Squire was satisfied with the privilege of an old customer, and thought it to be done was to get the nomination of the party. Several Democratic aspirants were striving for the same end, each struggling to outdo the other in the "treating" line. Squire Sam was a liberal man, but wisely he was the first to condemn his own errors, treating all alike, and, as he had been known to be a leader in the party, he had no fear that his many smaller eleventh-hour convert, the locusts, would not fall to observe in public decorum those who had borne the brunt and burden of the day.

His professed scruples verged on the fanatical. He objected strongly to the use of liquor, and, as revised codes of morality were the order of the day, the majority of sending for a bottle of whiskey to the room, he had privately advised to use as a constitutional corrective. He was not the first that had taken the advice of Deacon Cross on the point, who gave it as his opinion that he had imagined no better, reporting properties, that he ventured to give to his patients.

Squire Sam, before the nomination, Squire Sam and his friends were holding a close caucus in the bar-room parlor. Two or three other candidates had withdrawn, till the contest lay but between the Squire and Consider Smith—the former being supposed to have the best chance. But Consider was a wily chap, and the little knot of associates in the parlor were not without fear that he might be the successful one. Consider was a man of few words, but of a doubtful sense, who they were disturbed by a loud knocking.

"Who is there?" said Mr. Sawyer, himself confronted by Consider Smith.

"It is I, Sawyer, it is I, here," said Consider, "and I must see him immediately."

"Mr. Sawyer is engaged," said Mr. Sawyer to enter, which the Decons hesitated to give, he was obliged to let him in, and he entered.

"Mr. Sawyer, I am sorry to disturb you, Squire," he said, with a quizzical glance at the Squire, "but I have a matter of the most delicate nature, which I must consult you about."

"Consider Smith," said the Squire, "it might be safe going alone."

"Oh, no," he added on.

As they approached the office, the most unearthly sounds proceeded from it. Frightful whoops and yells, intermingled with the clinking of glass, made up an infernal medley of noises which would have broken the heart of a Bedlamite.

"What can it mean?" said the Squire, "I wonder if Tom——Tom was the Squire's factotum—looked up all night this evening."

"Let me see," Consider pondered—"it was about five o'clock, I think, that I saw Tom on the sidewalk with a box marked 'Congress Water,' which had come by express. I helped him carry it in, and as we put it down, my self-control and left with a pail that I carried the lid off. Being pressed for time, I left Tom to look after the package, and hurried on about my business."

"I think," stammered the Squire, "I had better go in alone."

"By no means," protested the Deacon, "I am one of the unprocessable railroads," added Consider, intrepidly shoving ahead and pushing open the door.

It was a queer scene the party entered on. The floor was covered with fragments of broken glass, and old Tom, heretofore the picture of sobriety, perched in the Squire's chair, with a well-filled bottle in each hand, and a half-emptied bottle before him, and the Squire's favorite pitcher at his feet, and diurnal revelries became a habit, and, with his feet against the edges of the table, was evidently bracing himself against the danger of falling off.

"Hi-hi-hee cheers 'is fair; a sigue for the temp'rin candidate!" shouted Tom, and he gave them a wild cry.

Then giving the table a kick, the bottle lost its balance, and fell to the floor with a crash.

"I-I-I-didn't kn'y right," stammered Tom; "there's plenty more 'n dat bottle."

"How came you in such a state?" thundered the Squire.

"I 'ave administrate," said Tom doggedly, "on's when that awk'ard blunderer, Consider Smith, let fall a bottle yesterday that I 'ad bought one of your b-b-bottles o' Congress water, and I 'ad to 'ave it, 'cause I 'ad to 'ave it, 'cause I 'ad to try a new bottle."

"Bourbon! as I'm a Good Templar!" exclaimed the Squire, with a start.

"Old Rye, if I've a nose!" sauvorated Consider Smith.

"Y-y-you're right! Mis'r Smith," said Tom, with a wink, "I 'ad to 'ave it, 'cause I 'ad to try 'em."

The Squire's friends turned away in horror. In vain he protested that it was a "joke on him." In vain he published a card next morning, declaring the public error, that it was not to suspend its judgment. Squire Sam lost the nomination, and, of course, his office. He likely again to leave the shades of private life, for the Democracy of Jingleigo were doing to the world to live down. The path is a good one, if it only be kill the waggish tails" now!

AMBITION.

Never expect a selfishly ambitious man to be a true friend. The man who makes ambition his god will infallibly sacrifice friendship. He will climb upward, though he treads on the faces of those who love him best, and in his cyes your only value lies in the use you can be to him. Remember this in your ambition; and if you are not rich, or famous, or powerful enough to command the attentions for he has got above you, he cares no more for you than for the dirt he treads on.

"He seems to know there is an ere to many one," you say; "he must have known you once, how?"

but not to him. The "ere" cannot put dollars into his pocket, nor a notice of him in the newspapers, or shed life in his veins, or any kind.

There are perhaps, in by-gone days, when he was poor, and friendless, and struggling, and a chip was of some value; but he has Peon now, and he would be insulted if you should offer or your introduction. His compliments, once his greatest pleasure, are now a burden and a sin of importance; and by way of relief to his feelings he cuts you dead when you pass him in the street, or he sets on a footing with you.

Very well! don't breathe a sigh for him, and carry your head as proudly as ever. You belong to the worsing sex.

Certain Love-powers will forget the friend of its love of struggle, but cold Ambition has no memory for the friends who in days gone by you gave him hand and heart in those dear days when you were both young and struggling in your hearts, and your bosoms and the broad and radiates of friendship are only remembered by him. Why should you sympathize with you when Position offers him cards for a reception?

You thought fine things of him, and you were proud of his friendship, but he has played your part—he his. Leave Ambition to his idols.

What are We Coming to!

In a neighboring city, the Chief of Police has declared that detectives have been indicted for complicity in the robbery of a bank. The detectives were arrested, and when it is alleged that they furnished the necessary information to the burglars, and, in fact, "put up the job." It was estimated that the robbers had secured between two and three millions of dollars, and the Chief of Police was so much disgusted with the conduct of the share of the "divide." What are we coming to!

Nothing Like Modesty.

Hoping a Man to Death.—The Havana correspondent of the New York *Herald* says:

"Senor Don Ramon Herrera, belonging to one of Mexico's, and Segara, harmoniously backed the attempt to overthrow Juarez, and failed. He is in their rude hour. Garcia defended himself, hiking to the mountains, and finally, his ammunition exhausted, he was obliged to surrender.

Performance at Sea.—The Cook Overboard and the Captain Rescuing Him.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES NORDHOFF.

On the last voyage of the schooner *Eugene* from Kingston, Jamaica, to Boston, we had a strange set of fellows for our crew—sailors, I mean. Ordinarily, the captain found it necessary to brave the dangers of the deep with a crew of boys; but the vessel, carrying overboard a part of the deck load of lumber, we had to take what we could get. Several old and experienced hands were on board, not aware of his condition until they heard him shouting for help. Seizing an oar, he struck the captain and the two men left on board lowered a boat and pulled for the wreck. They found the captain of the men with him, both clinging in search of the cook, whom they found in about the same condition as the captain.

During this time the schooner was drifting fast to leeward, and the men in the boat, after a consultation as to the wants of the schooner, left from the boat; but by perseverance and good management they got her to windward, and, after a long while the schooner. The men remained on board, and the captain and mate in the boat. The next day, the weather having moderated, they hailed a vessel and were taken on board. The rest of the bottom of the boat they found on water commander.

New Work for Farmers—Cleaning the City Streets.

[From the New York Times.]

Certain Long Island farmers have undertaken to keep clean the gutters in parts of Brooklyn for the sake of the fertilizing matter which they contain, and they perform the work without charge to the city. In these days, when farmers are paying high prices for poor fertilizers, it is a question worthy of wealth to throw the sweepings of city streets into the gutter. The farmers who have undertaken to collect the sweepings of the streets of New York will find a fortune in their hands. Indeed, were public sentiment more enlightened upon this subject, it would be easy for the city to derive a large revenue from the sale of the street sweepings, instead of paying, as it now does, enormous sums for the work, for the most part, but to keep the streets decently clean.

JUST ONE THOUGHT OF MOTHER.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

What though we cannot number
Infancy at play or rest,
Yet we know we once were nestled
Warm upon a mother's breast.
With her fond arms round us folding;
With devotion in her eyes;
For the little gift her whole heart
Throbbing thanks unto the skies.

O that mother's sweet vigils!
Through the long night hours of pain,
What a fear at their least failing!
How we changed the quiet to hurt!
Well or ailing, for their fairest,
All her prayers to the throne above,
All her love with the fullness
Was in its finer self a prayer.

Men and women, is this vision
Not sure good in every part
To us, of endless value
Of the human mind and heart?
Is it not sure good to think
While it is upon our soul,
Mid Kruppian steel shoe leather's
Sounding of the hunt of Gold?

In our life's unceasing battle,
May not thoughts of it restore
Courage, if we ever falter,
Faith, if we should ever fear?
And what shield against temptation
Can we surer have than this:
Just one thought of how that mother
Gave full many an angel kiss?

Then in that divine, sweet vision,
As in a seraphic spell,
Let us ever keep it in the ever
With Heaven's sacred sweet
Sacred planted for the Eternal
On the human field of Time,
Where the Mother, Babe and maiden
Blooms in Love's sublime.

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAGIC MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN BOND," "DEER'S HEARCH," "THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER," "KIRK HERSEY'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MRS PEDDER IS INDIGNANT.

In her state-room aboard of the *Flying Childers* sat Miss Ruth Pedder, re-changed from her usual self that her best friends would not have recognized her. Her cheeks, that were usually rosy and healthful, were pale and tell-tale of sleepless vigils and fatigue, and her whole frame emaciated, like that of a victim of a deadly consumption. Upon leaving New York she had been promptly assailed by seasickness, and a week thereafter by a dangerous fever, which had run its full course, and had temporarily suffered mistaken long spell of seasickness, aggravated by rough weather. Her fever had left her weak as a child, and in Demerara she had been a constant succession of miseries.

At the moment in which our story takes up the thread of her history, she had just crawled out of her berth and seated herself upon the trunk, and was endeavoring to catch a glimpse of land through the small port-hole by which her state-room was lighted. Her hair was thrown back from her face, and was tied in a loose knot at the back in an old gown which was in wanted creases to her shrunken figure, so that her appearance would have been sufficiently unwitching, even if her countenance had worn a look of elegance and ill-humor that rendered it positively repulsive.

She was evidently making a great effort to recover her usual state, as she drew it in with long inspirations, paging no heed, in her forcible attempt, to the impatience, to the polar chill with which it was accompanied.

"Enough, enough of this misery? came from her shrunken lips. "I could not endure it a week longer—no, not a day! I must have rest—a change—anything to break the horrible monotony of this long agony. Captain Hooper thinks we shall reach Desolation this afternoon, and I will endure it for that time.

A step in the entrance of the state-room was followed by a knock, and a woman opened the door and entered, closing the door carefully behind her.

This woman was Mrs. Gawler, who, with her husband, had been chosen by Capt. Pedder to accompany his daughter in the several capacity of "keepers," but in reality as attendants upon the prisoner.

Mrs. Gawler was large and burly, and was even coarser of mind than of person, being ignorant and violent, and having few of the charms and none of the graces by which she sex is usually distinguished.

"So here you are finally," said Miss Pedder impatiently. "You have been a good long enough to bring me good tidings, I suppose."

"Yes, miss, I have seen the Captain Hooper," explained Mrs. Gawler, as she closed the door *self* familiarly upon two-thirds of the sofa occupied by her companion, "and Gawler him, I took a good look at things for myself."

"Well, Gawler—"

"Mr. Kingston says he expects to see the island of Desolation just as soon as the fog lifts a little ahead of us."

"Fog! Is there a fog around then?"

"Within two miles of it, Mr. Kingston is almost certain."

Almost! And why not quite sure of where he is, and all about it?"

Because he didn't get an observation yesterday, nor the day before, and knows he's been blown out of his log and by compass."

"Well, it's something that we are within two miles of the island, and expect to see it to-day, with a good-sized sight of it. There shall doubtless arrive in the course of the day. I don't feel quite so much out of sorts, I suppose. It wouldn't do for Hawley to see me in these tatters. Are you a ghost of a friend—this inside me a strong and hot brandy-sling. I've got to get myself in order for the occasion."

The sling was soon mixed and swallowed, and Miss Pedder declared herself a little stronger, and was presently comfortable, as she sat at the end of Mrs. Gawler, to make her toilet.

"How terribly I am changed!" she continued with mourning, upon looking at her reflection in the mirror. "Frightful! I am positively ugly!"

"You are certainly thinner and paler. But nearly all the ladies after a long sea voyage, You'll soon pick up again."

"I'm glad to be sure. Mr. Hawley will certainly be disgusted."

Mrs. Gawler passed up her thin lips, and smiled half sneeringly and half pityingly.

"I'd be pretty certain that Mr. Hawley will see you at present," she said. "A year without seeing your brother left him better and he like to see what may not have happened."

The suggestion was sufficiently disagreeable. Miss Pedder sank back upon the sofa incidentally.

"Oh, I shall die if there had all this trouble and suspense for nothing! I am positively absent of mind—nothing continues to regard me as a young woman."

"Yes—and Captain Hooper and Gawler."

"Captain Hooper has no suspicion of the truth?"

"No. Why should he have? He has seen nothing of you since we left New York. He believes all your brother told him, and consequence may as familiar as Indians."

"That's as it should be, Hetsey. I with Hawley to be married, he left in my will. Hawley is a fool, but he's rich enough to every over reveal secrets that he would ever know that I've been playing a game."

"Well, no one ever will know it—as long as you pay me what your husband handsomely for our silence. This plot is already settled between me and Capt. Jess so long as you do by Capt and me so you've been doing, just so long shall we keep the secret."

"And no longer—you may as well add," said Miss Pedder bitterly.

Mrs. Gawler laughed coarsely.

"You've hit the nail on the head," she answered, with the frankness of misleading depravity. "And why shouldn't you pay us well for what we are doing for you? Your brother has given you ten thousand dollars for the expenses of the voyage—"

"So, not so much."

"Excuse me—I know just what I'm talking about. He gave you ten thousand dollars, mostly in bills of exchange, and you can realize that amount any day after your arrival in Melbourne. Capt. Jess has received his money from Capp and me, and as my expenses to keep your secret, not only now but after your marriage to Hawley—if we do marry him—they are high and me are sure that you will deal like a gentleman with us and make it pleasant for us to remain always near you in Australy. You could hardly expect Capp, you know, to go back to clerking in a pawn-shop, after what he has done for you."

Miss Pedder arose, with a gesture of anger and a look of scorn, and her a few knock upon the door diverted her thoughts.

"Come in," she called.

Capp Gawler noiselessly entered.

He was a counterpart of his partner in boldness and wickedness, being by occupation of the same calling. He was short of stature and broad-shouldered, with a huge head and a burly neck. A profession of red hair and a bushy beard of the same hue added to the coarseness of his appearance, whose sinister type had not one redeeming quality or expression.

MISS RUTH PEDDER ENCOUNTERED BY STIFF BANTAM.

The figure her eyes had encountered was that of a well-made young man of living skeleton appearance.

It was the figure of an undersized man, who had evidently suffered cold and hunger and sickness, and all the thousand ills of a prolonged residence upon the island.

This strange intruder is known to our readers as Stiff Bantam, the man who had, by no other, in fact, than Fatty Bantam.

"Well, Gawler," said Miss Pedder, in a tone of impatience and annoyance, "what is the ground now her?"

"I heard you utter a low cry and drop your voice, as I approached the door, and I thought that there is Mr. Hawley's friend of your service."

"Well, yes—a very dear friend," Miss Pedder hastened to reply, her curiosity concerning Hawley resuming its ascendancy over her functions. "Have you seen him? Do you know where he is? Is he with living?"

"Yes, he's well living, Madam, and I knows where he is," replied Bantam with a flavor of speculation shot from his dark eyes, "You see his wife, I suppose, is with him?"

"No, she is not, but is a very good dear friend. But where is Mr. Hawley? and why does he not there himself? Has he gone?"

"One moment, Madam, if you please. Before I answer your questions, I should like to ask you for a trifle of information. Did you know that Mr. Hawley was just ordered the harbor?"

"No, I did not."

"Nor was he your business?"

"I came here to look for Mr. Hawley."

"Then you knows why I'm here? What other business besides looking for Hawley may you have to attend to?"

"Not any; no other business whatever. This took the first time I ever made such a mistake—"

"Then I knows all about that. He told me all about it, and I knows that you have no more business among here than the gov you have left behind in New York city."

"No other, I assure you."

"Then I'm glad to hear it."

"The *Flying Childers*, of New York, an American privateer, put in at this harbor for Mr. Hawley was lately the first officer."

"Yes, I knows all about it. He came here to look for him? That's the long and the short of your business, I suppose?"

"That is all I care to say to you, sir."

"And you knows nothing of the *Theodorer*, which was the name of the vessel in which Mr. Hawley left Desolation?"

"I know nothing of your owners, nor of any of these matters," declared Miss Pedder, in a tone of impatience that was almost savage, her features flushing. "I am here to look for Mr. Hawley, and I have been informed that he left this island, and goes on to Australia—"

"Yes, he left the island."

"And you know nothing of the vessel, or a whaler that chanced to call here for water," resumed Miss Pedder. "I should have gone with him, only I was sick on the other side of the island. I was left in charge here for a time that we had seen standing in shore-wards in the fog. I was afraid that Hawley had left, and I see, a few months ago, and Mr. Hawley and I were married, and I was anxious to see him. I was very much disappointed to learn that I supposed me to be living, but he probably thought that I was dead, for the reason, you see—"

"And he has really gone?"

"Yes, Madam. He left here two weeks ago in a whaler, and I was left behind, and I'm sorry that I'm as anxious to take my leave of the island as he was. I'm very much disappointed, I'm sure, that I'm not going to Australia, but I suppose me to be living, but he probably thought that I was dead, for the reason, you see—"

"Why, of course," replied Miss Pedder, arising, "and the sooner we go down to the island the better."

She at once led the way in that direction, and Mrs. Gawler followed her.

"Then you have no business with Mr. Hawley in my power," added Miss Pedder, after a few moments of silence.

"I am, Madam."

"And your heathlies tell me many things about Mr Hawley—her he lived here, and what he talked about—"

"Oh, everything, everything! In hearing me you'll hardly regret that Mr. Hawley was gone, and hardly regret that Mr Hawley was not here to see you. I shall have so many pleasant things to tell you about him."

As he uttered this remark something very like a smile flickered upon the thin features of Bantam. It seemed to him that he was at last receiving the favors of fortune. If he could get off in this clipper, under the pretense of being a shipwrecked sailor, all would be well with him. He could clear his story before reaching the ship.

But where is Hawley? he asked himself.

He might be on his island. And being there, he might to have come off to the ship to see the lady passenger. Where was he, then? Gone? Or has something happened to him? Perhaps he is being here drifted away or been dashed in pieces? Yes, yes—that's the very reason he don't come. There can't be no other with him yet. I'll— for toward the ship.

He had three words were uttered aloud and with such savage violence that Miss Pedder turned in alarm.

She halted abruptly.

"What is the matter?" she asked, turning her eyes upon Bantam.

Mariner growled, sullenly, as he caught her by the arm. "Look here, woman! Your husband is a villain, and you're a villain, and the opposite mouth of the lot! And do you not see a boat rounding that point?—a boat pulling three men?"

Miss Pedder looked in the direction indicated.

"Yes, I see the boat and the men," she answered.

"Well, one of those men is Hawley's!"

"Hawley's! Are you sure of that?"

"I guess that he hasn't left the island—that I was mistaken."

"Oh, my! my!"

"And I mean too, that I'm not so much Hawley's friend as I pretended," added the ruffian, with a despairing curse. "I mean that I shall be glad to see the guy will be to Australia, as I had promised myself the pleasure of killing him."

"You really frighten me!" murmured Miss Pedder. "You hurt my arm, sir. Please let me alone."

No, I never 'll let go of you," said Bantam fiercely, as he brandished his gnarl, and a fiendish meanness shot from his flaming eyes. "If I can't have the pleasure of killing him, I can keep you from him."

"Oh, what do you mean?"

"I mean that you are Hawley's wife or sister—I care not which, so long as you are a very near and dear friend. Your husband is arrested, And I means, furthermore, that I'm not a murderer at all, but a mere agent and counsel from Australia—a murderer, an outlaw, and I've passed a prison as a convict for going to drag you off with me into the interior. I'm a prisoner, and you are my prisoner. I'm a desperate character now, and you are my prisoner. I've watched this thread, with savage fidelity, and I've got you. Now, I'll have you, furiously mean her, existing her in his skeleton arms and bending toward the wild shore. Hindes from which he had made his appearance.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

A breathless silence succeeded for some moments the declaration with which Bantam left the leave of Hawley, at the close of our thirty-sixth chapter. Neither he nor the lady seemed to speak, nor could speak. They could only stare at each other in the manner in which hatred and fear are apt to stare at each other.

This ship was indeed marvelously like the *Flying Childers*—sharp of bow, high and narrow—a regular clipper, in fact, and carrying a clipper's complement of men and armament of canvas.

Bantam had already rounded Cape Francois from the north and west, and was standing in for the Great Christmas Harbor.

The glass grew still, and presently, falling his voice again. "With your glass, Jude, I can see what she is."

The glass was at once handed him. A single look through the glass seemed to satisfy him. His face flushed to a vivid crimson.

"She's Childers!" he exclaimed. "I should know her anywhere, at this distance! Why, she's my own ship!"

"Your own ship, Bantam?" asked Jude. "Can she have come here again for water?"

"That don't look probable," replied Will, "unless I am supposed to be dead, why it's first. His face flushed to a vivid crimson, "I should know her anywhere, at this distance! Why, she's my own ship!"

"Your wife has had time to work up through Duncan, Sherman & Co., and she may have entertained the idea of making a pilgrimage to the island where you are supposed to have been left."

"Oh, uncle," interrupted Will, breathlessly, "do you think that Aunt Ruth is coming in the clipper? She may have come to look for you, and to see Mr. Hawley. You suppose, or some other. Let's hasten to meet her."

"Quick, then," returned Mr Aymar. "Let's bury this mercy, as you just now suggested, with the treasure you have so miraculously recovered, and push off in the boat to the clipper."

The proposition was instantly acted upon, and in less than ten minutes after sighting of the ship, the three men were on their way to the land of Christmas Harbor, where the ship was now lying at anchor.

The boat was soon at the distance of a few hundred yards from the shore, when Mr. Aymar and Archied Print was made in silence, both Mr. Aymar and Will, being too preoccupied with their thoughts to speak, and Jude respecting their silence.

But as the little boat rounded Arched Point and stood into the bay, in plain sight from the ship, and within two miles of her, a cry of joyous excitement caused Hawley.

"They see us!" he declared. "All eyes are turning this way. What a stir we are causing!"

The appearance of the boat and its three occupants in the bay had indeed produced an extraordinary excitement aboard of the vessel. Until that moment the crew and passengers had been engaged in the special side of the ship, bestowing their attention in the direction taken by Mr. Aymar's party on entering sight, but they were all gathered along the starboard bulwarks, and were all eyes and exclamations, and regarded them with an interest that soon deepened to a beam of excitement.

"They seem to recognize me," said Will, as the boat drew nearer, and an extraordinary commotion broke out upon the deck of the clipper. "And as they have supposed me to be dead, they are, I suppose, in a state of wonder."

A score of men had now mounted upon the bulwarks and shrouds, and were eagerly exchanging the ship's side and staring at the new-comers. And in a few minutes more, when the boat was within a cable's length of the ship, a scene of the liveliest excitement upon the tip, and scores of hats and bandkerchiefs were waved in signs of recognition.

"A good many of my old comrades are here," said Will, with much delight, "and they seem glad to see me. But my wife is not here. Uncle Aymar," he added, "that hope was a vain one."

Arriving in his feet, he returned the salutations showered upon him, bowing courteously and waving his cap, and it was with the very pleasant recognition on the part of the passengers that he and his party were the vessel which he had been the first officer.

A score of well-remembered faces smiled upon him as he came alongside, and brightest Hindes from which he had made his appearance.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

A breathless silence succeeded for some moments the declaration with which Bantam left the leave of Hawley, at the close of our thirty-sixth chapter. Neither he nor the lady seemed to speak, nor could speak. They could only stare at each other in the manner in which hatred and fear are apt to stare at each other.

This ship was indeed marvelously like the *Flying Childers*—sharp of bow, high and narrow—a regular clipper, in fact, and carrying a clipper's complement of men and armament of canvas.

Bantam had already rounded Cape Francois from the north and west, and was standing in for the Great Christmas Harbor.

The glass grew still, and presently, falling his voice again. "With your glass, Jude, I can see what she is."

The glass was at once handed him. A single look through the glass seemed to satisfy him. His face flushed to a vivid crimson.

"She's Childers!" he exclaimed. "I should know her anywhere, at this distance! Why, she's my own ship!"

"Your own ship, Bantam?" asked Jude. "Can she have come here again for water?"

"That don't look probable," replied Will, "unless I am supposed to be dead, why it's first. His face flushed to a vivid crimson.

"Oh, uncle," interrupted Will, breathlessly, "do you think that Aunt Ruth is coming in the clipper? She may have come to look for you, and to see Mr. Hawley. You suppose, or some other. Let's hasten to meet her."

"Quick, then," returned Mr Aymar. "Let's bury this mercy, as you just now suggested, with the treasure you have so miraculously recovered, and push off in the boat to the clipper."

The proposition was instantly acted upon, and in less than ten minutes after sighting of the ship, the three men were on their way to the land of Christmas Harbor, where the ship was now lying at anchor.

The boat was soon at the distance of a few hundred yards from the shore, when Mr. Aymar and Archied Print was made in silence, both Mr. Aymar and Will, being too

Pedder has been for years counting upon becoming your wife, and it seems that even your marriage did not destroy her affection. Be that as it may, however, the shock of your reported death was nearly as great to Miss Pedder as to Mrs. Hawley, but with this difference, that while your wife sank into her grave, Miss Pedder became a raving maniac."

"You astonish me! This seems incredible!"

"I merely state the facts as they were stated to me by Pedder. The fixed idea of Miss Pedder was that there was some mistake about your reported death, and that you were alive and well upon this island."

"How strange!"

"And she stuck to this idea with such an insane fury that Pedder at last took advice of several leading physicians, and they all counselled a voyage to Desolation. Their belief was that a cure was out of the question if the patient remained in New York, but they expressed the opinion that a visit to the island and a vain search for you might put the crazy whim of your existence, as they called it, out of her head."

"And so she came here? And this is why the clipper is again here?"

"Yes, and the minute we were anchored, away went Miss Pedder to Table Rock, in charge of her keepers, to look for you, and I am now expecting her back every minute. Her failure to see you may have had a good effect upon her, but I fear she will return from the shore in a state of the wildest frenzy."

At this moment rapid footsteps were heard at the entrance of the cabin, and Cupp Gawler came bounding into the midst of the little party there assembled. His face was beaming, his manner excited, his whole aspect that of a man to whom some great good has unexpectedly fallen.

"Excuse me, Captain Hooper and gentlemen," he cried, "but I bring you surprising news. Miss Pedder has recovered her senses, and is now as sane and sound of mind as any of us."

"The doctors were right, then?" cried Hooper, arising. "But how does it happen—"

"She has had a terrible shock," continued Gawler rapidly. "When near Table Rock, my wife and I allowed her to walk on by herself, as she asked to be alone—"

"You ought not to have done that," commented Hooper. "You should have foreseen that something wrong would happen."

"Excuse me, Captain. As you shall hear, everything has happened for the best. While Miss Pedder was walking along alone, therefore, not far from Table Rock, she was suddenly pounced upon by a ruffian of the most frightful appearance—"

"The very maniac who assaulted me a year ago at the same place, no doubt," interrupted Hawley emphatically.

"He announced himself as an assassin, and as a runaway convict from Australia—"

"Ah! what sort of a man was he? Describe him, if you please."

Gawler hastened to do so, giving a portrait of the assailant that at once suggested Bantam.

"I think I know the man," said Will., recalling his former conclusion that some of the runaways might have been left alive upon the island. "Go on, my friend. Let's hear what happened to Miss Pedder."

"Well, sir, this frightful ruffian, whoever he may be, was about to kill Miss Pedder, when her screams summoned me to the spot, and I was just in time to save her, the assailant taking to his heels as soon as he found that I was too much for him. And to my great joy and surprise, I found that the shock had completely broken the spell under which Miss Pedder has so long been laboring. From that minute to this, she has talked as rational to my wife and to me as I am now talking to you. She seemed to come out of a trance—to be ignorant of her whereabouts, and to remember nothing that has happened since the death of Mr. Hawley was communicated to her. In short, it was like an awakening from a long sleep. But my wife and I soon informed her of all that has happened."

"And where is she now?" asked Hooper.

"Upon the deck with my wife, waiting for me to give you this information before presenting herself. Permit me to introduce her."

And a moment later, escorted by Mrs. Gawler, and followed by a buzz of joyful sympathy from a score of passengers and sailors, who had been discussing her marvelous cure, Miss Pedder quietly entered the cabin.

The change so lately wrought in her aspect and manner was so marked that Capt. Hooper had trouble to recognize her. Her movements were quiet, her air lady-like, her glances indicative of reason and intelligence, and at the same time expressive of timidity and deprecation. The bright flush which had mantled her countenance completely obliterated its late pallor and its late expression.

With a brief, shy nod of recognition to Hooper, whom she had known casually previous to her feigned illness, she sent a swift and searching gaze around in quest of Hawley, and then, her gaze encountering him, she started and took several steps backward, with such well-acted astonishment, with such visible joy, and yet with such modest confusion and restraint, that the whole circle of observers, excluding the Gawlers, broke into a murmur of respect and sympathy.

"I had thought to never see you again, Mr. Hawley," said she, in her smoothest tone and with her gentlest manner, as she advanced toward him, with a graceful inclination of her head. "Your presence here is like a return from the dead. I am as pleased as astonished to see you."

"I reciprocate, Miss Pedder," replied Will., taking the hand proffered him, "and I am especially glad to hear and see that the cloud so long resting upon you has passed away, and that you are yourself again."

"And these are the sentiments of all here present," said Hooper emphatically. "We'll all rejoice together."

Mr. Aymar was introduced to Miss Pedder, a bottle of wine was opened, a collation served, and various explanations exchanged, an hour thus passing as unnoticed as if it were an instant.

"Well, what are your views, gentlemen?" asked Hooper at length of Hawley and Mr. Aymar. "Will you go on with us to Australia?"

"No, thank you," replied Will. promptly. "We wish to go the other way, and have already made arrangements for a ship to call here for us. We are in fact expecting this ship from one day to another."

"Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing whatever, thank you."

"Shall I not at least give you a suit of clothing? You look odd enough in that suit of sealskin."

"It is very comfortable indeed—just what is needed in this climate. You could not give me anything that would be more satisfactory. This is the answer I made to a similar question from Captain Hedges."

"And so you are going back to New York direct?" said Miss Pedder to Will., in a low voice, a few minutes later, when Mr. Aymar and Hooper had retired to the latter's stateroom to look at a chart of the region where the former had experienced such perilous adventures. "How I wish I could return with you. But that I suppose is out of the question?"

"It is—entirely out of the question. Uncle Aymar and I do not know when we shall leave here. We have sent a friend to Australia, and we expect that friend's return from one day to another, as already mentioned, but there is no absolute certainty of his return for months, if ever. He may have trouble in finding a ship, or his ship may be lost, or fall into the hands of the pirates who have just given Uncle Aymar so much trouble."

"Then why don't you go on to Australia with us?"

"For several reasons. In the first place, we have made an appointment with our friend to be here whenever he does arrive, and that is an appointment not to be broken. In the second place, we have the most weighty of pecuniary reasons for waiting here until our friend's arrival. I will not trouble you with details, of course."

Miss Pedder heaved a deep sigh.

"I comprehend," she said. "I must go my way, and you will go yours. I know not as we shall ever meet again."

She placed her handkerchief to her eyes and began to cry.

"Don't," said Will. gently. "Do you not know what awful news have reached me today? My heart is full already."

"And mine—is broken! All I want in the world is beyond my reach. It is perhaps a misfortune that I have recovered my reason. I wish I were dead!"

"Don't!" repeated Will., with a rising inflection. "You know not what you say. Even supposing you to be miserable, misery is no excuse for desiring death. Your first, last and only duty is to do all the good you can in the world, and to suffer with patience. Pardon me if I add a word about a personal matter. Something has reached my ears as to the cause of your late insanity. That cause is said to have been the report of my death."

"That *was* the cause. I know not how far I may unveil my heart to you without deserving reproaches. But in this solemn hour—the last we shall ever pass together, in all probability—I cannot refrain from a solemn confession. I have loved you for years with all the strength of a first, last and eternal affection. Your marriage was a terrible shock to me, but I withstood it. It was only when I heard of your death that my mind wandered!"

"I thank you for your confidence, and will respond to it in kind. I never sought you in marriage; I never paid you a lover's attentions. My thoughts were elsewhere. The lady I married was my one ideal. I knew nothing of your affection for me, and if I had I could have only given you my pity—and the counsel of bestowing your heart where your hand was wanted!"

Miss Pedder flushed at the severity of these remarks, but came back to the charge resolutely.

"But now that your wife is dead," said she, "is there any reason why you should pass all your life alone? Is it wrong for me to love you now, or to continue to love you? May it not be both wise and kind for you to be indulgent to my affection? Is it not even possible that you will some day learn to love me?"

"No, I do not believe that it is. My heart is entirely with my poor wife—"

"And so you trample upon mine!"

"Excuse me," said Will., arising. "I am incapable of being unkind to a lady, and much less of trampling upon any one's feelings. If I have ever been a source of evil to you, I have been so unwittingly, and can only regret my misfortune. The death of my wife does not change anything, either in your status or in mine. If you are entitled to consideration because you have lost your mind for me, to what respect is not my wife's memory entitled, in view of the fact that my supposed death killed her? The smallest reflection of this kind will tell you that we can never be more than we now are to each other—friends, I trust, and the best of well-wishers. And here let us end the whole matter."

The return of Mr. Aymar and Capt. Hooper at this juncture enforced the proposition with which Will. had concluded.

"Captain Hooper wishes us to go on to Australia with him," said Mr. Aymar; "but I tell him that it is out of the question."

"I have just told Miss Pedder the same thing," replied Will., "and given her an inkling of my reasons."

"Very well. It only remains for us to return to our island, as Captain Hooper is anxious to avail himself of the fine wind and weather."

"All right, uncle. We'll take our leave immediately."

This leave-taking was not without some delay on the part of Mr. Aymar and Capt. Hooper, and a few constraints and reserves on the part of Miss Pedder and Hawley, but it was over at last, and Will. and his uncle returned to their boat, in which Jude was already awaiting them, and set out on their return, while the clipper got under way and stood out of the harbor. Within a quarter of an hour thereafter the boat had rounded Arched Point and was standing along the shore homeward, while the clipper had rounded Cape Français and was taking its course for Australia.

And it was at this juncture that Miss Pedder was aroused from a painful reverie by the announcement of a sail close ahead, and that a large, graceful yacht suddenly loomed up to her gaze in that direction, coming swiftly toward her.

"Good heavens!" was her involuntary cry, after looking at the approaching yacht a few moments. "That man upon the deck of that yacht looks exactly like Luke—like my brother!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNMASKED.

BY ALICE STARR.

"Mr. Asher, Mr. Cole—Mr. Cole, my old friend, Ted Asher. And now, gentlemen, that I have broken the ice, you will please excuse me for a few minutes, as I see I am wanted;" and the speaker, Harry Johnson, who was a general favorite, turned smilingly away, and crossed the ball-room to where a group of ladies stood gayly beckoning him with their fans.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Cole," murmured Mr. Asher, in a low, musical voice.

"The pleasure is mutual, I assure you," politely replied the gentleman addressed; "besides, it is an odd conceit of mine, but you seem to me like an old friend; your face is strangely familiar."

"Indeed, no. I think we have never met before. I am a stranger in this part of the country. But come, if you do not intend to join the dancers, let us go to the piazza, where we can watch them, and have a quiet chat."

"Agreed. Dancing is a bore, and a cigar is a much better companion than a lady. Do you smoke?" And as they seated themselves, Mr. Cole produced cigars, and offered one to his companion.

The latter hesitated a moment, as if uncertain whether to accept or decline the invitation, then replied:

"Thank you. I do not smoke at present; my physician forbids it. I am in rather delicate health."

"So I should judge; you look anything but strong, and your complexion is as pale as a girl's."

"Indeed!" and the speaker's voice sounded rather contemptuous. "Do you know that I consider that rather a compliment?"

"Umph! Our opinions differ somewhat on that subject, my friend. Now *I* don't believe that women are so much like angels as some people would make them out to be," replied Mr. Cole.

The handsome, girlish face of the listener flushed, and he exclaimed in astonishment:

"You cannot have a mother and sisters, Mr. Cole, or you would not possess such an opinion."

"Sisters, no—a mother, yes—in heaven. *She* was an angel on earth, Mr. Asher, if ever there was one, but the girls of to-day are not like her. They are but butterflies, and care for nothing but flirtations and fashions."

"I hope and believe that you are mistaken, sir. Perhaps you have not sought for anything deeper than what a flirtation will reveal; and if so, how can you blame the ladies for playing the Roland to your Oliver?"

"Well, every one to their liking, of course; the world is made up of opposites. But I freely confess that I look upon the ladies as merely pleasant amusement for an idle hour—nothing more. Why, man, all they want is flattery. But at present I have no time to waste on *them*, for I have got my hands full in subjugating the proudest beauty of them all—haughty, lovely Nell Atherton. I wish you could see her, really."

His listener smiled oddly, but replied with eagerness:

"I wish I could. Can you not point her out to me?"

"Oh, she's not here to-night; she is off on a week's visit to some relatives. If she were present, I should not be here, you may be sure. No, indeed! Pretty Nell accepts no lukewarm attention, I can tell you; she would chain me to her side the whole evening. But then she's fond of me, there's no mistake about that."

"You think so?" and Ted Asher's lip curled.

"Think so? Why, my dear boy, I'm *sure* of it. I'd like to see the girl who could withstand *me*—ha, ha! Why, she cannot bear to have me out of her sight, I tell you, Asher."

"Well, and that surely must be pleasant. I cannot imagine anything more agreeable than to be with those we love."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Cole, in great amusement; "but I *don't* love her, you see. I have made a wager that I can bring her to my arms, and I will *do* it too. I'm sure of my game; but as for love, pshaw!—I don't believe in it."

"But perhaps *she* does," replied Ted Asher meaningly.

"Well, what of that? Girls have no hearts to break, or if they have, a new silk dress will speedily cure the worst case of heart-ache ever known. But in my case, I don't know but what I shall marry Nell. She loves me, and I should be rather proud of such a handsome wife; besides, I suppose I should be bitterly envied by the village gallants for carrying off the prize. But I should not marry her for *love*, mind you, but out of consideration for her father's *money-bags*—ha, ha!"

"Really your ideas are peculiar, Mr. Cole, and I should like to converse further with you upon the subject, but just at present that is impossible, as Harry and I have an engagement which he seems to have forgotten; so I must remind him, and therefore bid you good-night." And bowing, he entered the parlor; and shortly after, his late companion saw him issue therefrom arm in arm with Harry Johnson, and together they walked quickly out of sight.

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"Oh, Harry, cousin Harry, I shall certainly die—I know I shall. It was too ridiculous!" cried an unmistakably girlish voice; and again a clear, rippling laugh burst from the lips of the one who was so lately introduced as Ted Asher.

"Don't, Nell, for goodness' sake! If you predict such dreadful things, I'll never again consent to aid you in any more of your harum-scarum freaks. But, by all that's laughable, how Ned Cole will be cut up when he discovers the identity of my old friend Ted Asher!" and the young man joined in the girl's infectious mirth.

"And to think," cried Nell, still laughing, "of the miserable creature's boasting to my very face that he would bring Nell Atherton to his arms. Ugh! I could have boxed his ears then and there, and the only thing that restrained me was the knowledge that he would make a fuss, and then every one in the hotel would have recognized me."

"I'm very glad you didn't, Nell; you would quite have spoiled our dramatical *denouement*. And as Cole really needs taking down, I'm not sure but that it may be a very good lesson for him. Oh, by the by, when is the final understanding to take place?"

"Next Tuesday night. And now remember, Harry, you are not to be in the room with the girls; that would make it rather too embarrassing for me; but you can listen in the conservatory, and after the affecting part is over, you can make your appearance as quickly as you choose; the sooner the better."

"All right. Nell, you're a trump. I wish all the girls had your good looks and spirit," said Harry admiringly.

"Thanks, cousin mine; and now—good-night. I'm almost tired to death. I suppose it is from dragging around these heavy clothes all the evening. Ugh! think of having to wear such things every day of one's life!" And with a laugh that had little of weariness in it, she ran gayly up the stairs.

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"You promised me my answer to-night, Nell, darling. What is it? Am I to be the happiest, or the most miserable of men?"

"Well, really, Mr. Cole, you are so impatient, one would almost believe your *heart* was concerned."

"Alas! I have no heart. Your bright eyes charmed it from me weeks ago, fair Nell. Why will you torture me thus?"

"*I* torture you? Positively you amuse me. The idea of a *lady's* having *power* to annoy you. How absurd!" And she laughed gayly, apparently quite at her ease; while her suitor, completely nonplussed at her odd behavior, gazed at her wonderingly, then said affectionately:

"What has come over you, sweet one? You were not wont to be so sarcastic. Do you delight to see the sorrow you inflict on a loving heart?"

"Ha, ha, ha! *A loving heart!* Do you know what that is, Mr. Cole? I thought you did not believe in love."

He started, and gazed at her curiously, then exclaimed reproachfully:

"How *could* I be blind to such charms as *yours*, my peerless Nell? Come, have done with all this irony, and tell me you will be my own sweet bride."

"*Never!*" and her clear voice rang out contemptuously.

"What! you refuse me?" And he sprang angrily to his feet.

"I do, most decidedly; and more than that, I tell you that I *despise* you, Mr. Cole."

"Madam!" cried he, in blank astonishment.

"Yes, sir, I do. I *despise* a braggart and a coward. A coward you are, else you would not talk so lightly of the ladies, and win their hearts but to break them. You are a braggart, because even to a stranger you do not hesitate to boast of your conquests, and even venture so far as to dare to mention the *names* of your lady-loves."

"Who told you all this?" gasped the astonished man.

"*You did*, Mr. Cole. I suspected you, for your flattery was so fulsome. I determined to try your fidelity, and disguising myself in man's attire, I sought the ball-room with my cousin Harry, and was by him introduced to you as Ted Asher. You yourself began conversation on a subject which I had intended to lead you to, and—you know the rest."

"Very well, Madam, since you are so well satisfied with your achievement, which, permit me to say, was at the least unladylike, I will bid you good-evening."

"No, stay a moment," cried Nell, as she threw wide the folding doors, near which, by design on her part, they had stood during the entire conversation, and disclosed to the gaze of her discomfited suitor a smiling circle of the fairest young ladies of the village.

"Ladies," cried Nell, addressing them, "I promised you a novel kind of entertainment, and I think you have had it. Hereafter you will all know how to value the fine speeches of this *gentleman*. Sir," and she turned to Cole, who had all this time stood motionless, as if changed to marble, "you can go; we desire your presence here no longer. Had you been more of a man, I should have called upon those who have a right to protect me from your insults; but as it is, I would not trouble them. I can defend myself. Now go!" and she raised her beautiful arm and pointed toward the door, out of which her abashed suitor was only too glad to escape; but the merry peal of laughter which followed him rang in his ears long after the house had been left behind.

"Well, Nell," laughed Harry, as he joined them, "that unfortunate fellow has had a lesson he'll not soon forget."

"So much the better, Harry," retorted Nell; "I did not mean that he should forget it. I've taught him better than to make game of the ladies, at least for a time. And I'm sure, girls," and she turned appealingly to her friends, "you all join me in rejoicing that a villain has been unmasked."

HOW IT ENDED.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Mother, Mr. Stearns says you can't have anything more, until you've paid what you owe now—four dollars and ninety-four cents. See, he put it down for me to show you," said a bright looking lad of about nine years, as he entered his mother's room; and dropping the empty basket, sank on a stool, looking with a disappointed face up into hers.

"I did not think it was so much. I would not have sent to ask for further credit if I had. I know he never likes the amount to go over five dollars. Saturday night, when I am paid, I always pay Mr. Stearns. I suppose he is worried because I was not up to time. But you know how sick I was," answered the boy's mother, turning to a woman who sat beside her, busily engaged sewing buttons on a shirt.

"Well, I'd just write him a line, and tell how it was, if I was you," said her companion.

"Yes, yes, you are right. I will. But I will not ask him for credit again until I pay him. I'd be sorry to have him think I was not as good as my word. And I'm sorry I can't give you a nice cup of tea and some toast, as I intended to. But—"

She was interrupted by her friend, saying:

"It is all for the best, may be. Oh, of course it is. No doubt about it. 'Everything happens for the best,' was one of the first things my poor mother used to try and impress on her children. Now don't think any more about it on my account. I had a right good breakfast before I left home. Now send Willie off with the line to Mr. Stearns, and then we will finish these shirts in a little time."

Mrs. Grey found it quite difficult to get together the necessary articles for writing the explanatory note. At length, with a sheet cut from Willie's copy-book, and the ink borrowed from her next door neighbor, she pushed off from the table the pile of shirts, and sat down. It took her a long time first to frame in her mind the words she thought the best, and quite as long to write them down. During that time Willie's mind was very much exercised. Too well he knew no one had breakfasted in his home that morning. Not for himself he cared; but for mother and sister Nellie his heart was troubled.

"Oh! why can't I think of some way to make enough money to buy some tea and toast?" he kept saying to himself. And then he went to counting the cost. "Six cents will get a drawing of tea, I know. Then the sugar; four cents for that. Nobody will sell me quarter of a pound for less. Oh, if I only could buy it by the large—a whole pound—I'd get it for thirteen cents. Well, I can't help it; must buy as I can pay. What next? Bread, six cents; and butter, quarter of a pound again. Oh, dear, ten cents more! Oh, when I'm rich I will always buy on the large—a whole pound every time. Now, how much does all come to? Six and four, that's ten; and six, sixteen; and ten again, twenty-six cents. Yes, that's what the tea and toast will cost. But where can I raise so much money? I must; indeed, I must, somehow."

The boy's face told plainly how his young brain was working over the great difficulty, and trying to overcome it. Suddenly his brow cleared, the closed lips parted with a hopeful smile, and he jumped up, exclaiming:

"Hurry, mamma, dear. I have only three quarters of an hour to attend to business before school time."

"Yes, I've finished now. It is so long since I have written a note, it is more difficult than it used to be. But, darling, you can't go without some breakfast," Mary Grey answered, handing the note to her boy.

Willie caught it from her, and sang out, in a cheery voice:

"No matter about breakfast for me. I'm all right. I'll be hungry in time for our dinner. A kiss is enough just now. Good-bye."

He caught his hat, snatched a hasty kiss, and was out of the door a moment after.

"What a blessed boy! Many would have gone off with a different face," said Mrs. Grey's friend.

"He is a great comfort. Oh, I've two cents. I must call him; he will be hungry, I know. I will tell him to buy two rolls as he passes the baker's."

Mrs. Grey, in her haste to call Willie back, swept from the little table the cover and everything on it. She was out on the door-step, and heard not the exclamation of alarm from the little woman, who snatched up the inkstand. When Mrs. Grey came in, a few minutes after, and caught sight of her friend's face, she cried out:

"What has happened? What ails you, Jane?"

Her companion held up two shirts, across the bosoms and sleeves of which most of the ink had fallen.

"Heaven help me!" cried Mary Grey. "Troubles never come singly. What shall I do now?"

Jane Andrews' lips parted. She looked toward her friend, who cried out:

"Don't, for pity's sake. I know what you want to say, Jane—what you always say, no matter what happens."

While the women stood bewailing the dreadful accident, little Nellie had caught the shirts from Mrs. Andrews and plunged them into a pail of water.

"Well, it *is* awful hard to see it sometimes; but still I believe it is all for the best," said Jane, in a determined voice.

One would scarcely believe it possible for the mild, gentle eyes of Mary Grey to flash forth such a look of indignation. After which they filled with tears, as she cried:

"Best!—best that my children should go hungry—best that I shall be deprived of the means to keep them from starving! *You* know Mr. Dyson. Every one knows he is a hard man to work for. I know he will make me pay for those shirts, or discharge me; perhaps both."

Both women rubbed away diligently, and the dreadful spots faded slightly; but it was useless to hope to get them out that day. It would certainly require many hours of hot sun to entirely obliterate them.

"What shall I do? I was to have returned them Saturday. They are to be delivered at noon to-day—a special order," groaned Mary.

"Put your trust in the Lord, and go carry home the four. That's all you can do now," Jane Andrews said, and longed to conclude with her favorite maxim. But remembering Mary's look, she refrained.

Willie, after receiving the two cents, hurried along, neither stopping at the bakery nor Mr. Stearns'. On he went, many streets further, until he came to a pretty, neat looking cottage. Opening the gate, he rang the bell. It was soon answered by a pleasant, motherly looking woman, who asked:

"What is it, my little man?"

"Please, ma'am, I heard you offer Jim Barnes thirty-five cents to clear up your yard Saturday afternoon. I will do it for twenty-six, if—if—"

"Well, if what? Speak out. You are Willie Grey, aren't you?" asked the smiling woman.

"If you pay me now, and let me do it after school, I will be here ten minutes after school closes."

He looked with such an appealing expression up into her eyes, that although she said:

"Why, child, that would be a little risky, wouldn't it?" she looked kindly on him, and Willie felt he had much to hope for.

"No, ma'am. It is a safe bargain. I'll do it, if I live till this afternoon. If you will only give me twenty-six cents, I will be so thankful," he said, the appealing look deepening in his eyes.

"I will do it," the good woman said, and stopped Willie's thanks by asking, "How is it, when Jim wanted fifty cents, you are willing to take about half as much?"

"More than half, a little. Oh, Jim don't know the worth of money. He don't know how much twenty-six cents will buy. He don't know how to spend it right," Willie said, with a manly look. Closing his little hand over his prize, he bowed, smiled, and was about running off, when the little woman called out:

"Willie, I hope you will spend it rightly."

He turned. The eyes that were dancing, the face beaming, grew earnest, and so full of love, as he said softly:

"For mother, ma'am," and hastened away.

"God bless him!" she said, and was still standing on the door-step when a buggy stopped before it, and a gentleman jumped out. Coming up, he said:

"Mrs. Lovering, I feel rather uneasy about the children. The woman I have to take care of them has not much experience. Will you come with me and see what ails them, and if they need a physician?"

"They need a mother's care, poor little dears! Certainly I will go, and be ready in two minutes," answered Mrs. Lovering, hurrying in.

Mr. Dyson waited outside, and pondered on Mrs. Lovering's words. He had been thinking just so himself several times lately, when he could spare the time from business to think of anything else.

True to her word, Mrs. Lovering was ready in the mentioned time.

Willie Grey was just coming out of Mr. Stearns' with his little bundles as they passed. He looked up, smiled and raised his hat.

"That's the best boy I know," Mrs. Lovering said; and when Mr. Dyson asked:

"Who is he?" she answered:

"Why, the widow Grey's son. She works for you."

Strange, yet so it was, that to both Mr. Dyson and Mrs. Lovering came the thought that the widow Grey would be a good mother for the motherless children.

Mrs. Lovering related the incident which occurred just before Mr. Dyson's arrival, and by that time they were before his door.

The little children Mrs. Lovering found really ill. The physician was summoned, and pronounced the malady, what the good woman feared—scarlet-fever.

Ten minutes of nine, Willie stood smiling before his mother. Seeing her troubled face, thrusting his parcels into her hands, he said, in a glad voice:

"It's all right. You will be stronger when you get a good cup of tea. It's my treat. All paid for. I must run, the bell is ringing. I will be late home; got to do some work for Mrs. Lovering. Good-bye."

Again he was off, with blessings following him.

Nellie prepared the tea and toast by the time her mother and Mrs. Andrews had finished the shirts.

Willie would have been sadly disappointed, could he have seen the grave faces that gathered round his treat. However, when she arose from the table, Mrs. Grey said:

"Willie was right, dear boy! I do feel stronger in mind, as well as body. Now I must get ready. Oh, mercy! I would sooner face a cannon's mouth than Mr. Dyson. I know he will be in an ill-humor before I get there; and when I do—"

The pale face grew paler with thoughts of the dreaded interview.

Just then they heard a vehicle of some kind stop in front of the house. Mrs. Grey, looking out of the window, exclaimed:

"Lord help me! It is Mr. Dyson."

An instant after a knock was heard on the door. Mary Grey, pale and trembling, opened it. As she raised her eyes appealingly to his, Mr. Dyson wondered he had never noticed how very pretty the little woman was before. He said:

"Mrs. Grey, I called to see about those shirts. I thought something must have happened to—" He stopped, noticing her agitation, and exclaimed:

"You are ill! Go in, madam. Don't be standing here." And taking her gently by the arm, he led her to the lounge, when she burst into tears, saying:

"Have pity! Oh, Mr. Dyson, I've spoiled two of the shirts!" Not daring to glance at him, she went on: "I know you will discharge me, of course, and make me pay for the shirts too. But, please, don't take it all at once! Pay me some, and let me work just till I pay for the others."

Finding he did not speak some dreadful harsh words, Mary raised her eyes timidly to his.

He was looking at her, not a shade of anger on his brow.

"Am I such a terrible man that I frighten poor women almost out of their senses?" he asked, a really pleasant smile on his face.

"Folks say you are dreadful hard," Mary answered, in a low voice.

"Humph! Well, perhaps I have been; but business is business, and I have little time for anything else. I'm not sorry you spoiled those shirts, for it has shown me what a timid, gentle little woman you are. You would not be unkind or hard on another woman's children. Now I have not the least idea of discharging you. On the contrary, I want to engage you permanently. Will you come and take care of my little children? They are sick, and need a kind, loving hand to tend them."

"Come! Certainly I will. Oh, thank you! How kind you are! I will get ready now," exclaimed Mary, starting up to go into the other room, when Mr. Dyson called:

"Stop a moment. There are some little arrangements to make, I guess. You'll have to close up here, and—and— Well, who do you prefer to do the business?"

Mary Grey turned and looked inquiringly into the smiling face. Mr. Dyson continued:

"What parson, I mean, to marry us?"

"Marry!" exclaimed Mary, sinking again on the lounge, her face crimsoning then.

"Yes, marry. Didn't I tell you a permanent engagement? How else can you be a mother to my little ones? Come, speak out! I'd no idea it would take so long. I don't want the time lost. You have known me six months. Do you like me any better, or not as well, on acquaintance?" asked Mr. Dyson.

"Better. Oh, yes. But—"

Mr. Dyson interrupted her:

"Never mind. Will you have me? We will settle everything as you wish afterward."

"But the children—mine? What about them?"

"I will be a father to yours, when you are mother to mine. And— Well, I will do the courting at odd times, when business is dull, and I have plenty of time. I know women like to be courted; so it will do as well after marriage, won't it? And then I'll not have given you the chance to throw at me, what so many men have to hear: 'All before marriage, and none after.' Now, say quick: Will you have me?"

Mary Grey looked into his eyes earnestly a moment, and then answered:

"Yes."

Mr. Dyson clasped her hand, and with an earnest:

"God bless you! May He deal with me as I do with you and yours. Now about the arrangements?" he asked.

"Suit yourself," Mary answered.

"Thank you. Then I *will* come to take you to your new home this afternoon, at six o'clock."

Mary opened her lips to utter a cry of remonstrance, but he shook his head and hurried out.

As the door closed after him Mary stepped back into the other room and stood before her friend. Jane had heard most of the conversation, and when Mary asked:

"What *do* you think of me?"

"I think in future you will let me say, 'Everything happens for the best,' because mother always said so; and now I know it for myself."

Willie finished his work for Mrs. Lovering; after which that kind woman went with him to his new home, where his noble qualities were fully appreciated. And he had never reason to doubt the truth of Jane Andrews' favorite maxim. And she, good woman, grew firmer than ever in her faith, when, a year after, she married the foreman of Mr. Dyson's establishment. Grateful for the blessings she enjoys, she is ever trying to instill her faith into all within her reach, by doing, in her humble way, the very best she can for them, both by words of comfort and deeds of kindness.

A MODERN PROTEUS.

BY GRACE H. HORE.

I breakfasted with Mrs. A—
Anderson was her one;
A cumbersome quad was over me—
I was outdone!

I dined with Madame Mrs. R.
The number little stirs;
And I was tender, basking in
Her sympathetic lights.

II.

To-night I sup with Mrs. C,
Who carries all with ease;
In fact her host seem quite right
Set C. for worse to Mrs. D.

Mrs. C. is a charming hostess;
I only know that when with her
All goodness from me does.

III.

I had to call on Mrs. E.
Her number's two times three;
But when with her I'm taught to say,
And therefore—could not speak?
There's E. the "fascinator,"
Who's posted on the "Sic."
Her every word, when she speaks,
Evokes a silent exclo.

IV.

I dined with dearest Mrs. G,
So graceful and so good;
She's one of those you can't help loving;
By curve not undervood.

But soon there comes in Mrs. H,
That high and haughty dame;
And while with her I talk of naught
But power and pride and fame!

And then there's that impertinent,
That rude creature, I
"Twere prudent, perhaps, to say no more
Than simply call her Mrs.
You know all I—that's why
When I's always making jokes
Of course you cannot talk with him
As unto other folkes!

V.

I just met K—magnanimous
And noble as a man;
All round and rotund though I square,
When K. I chance to see
I feel myself quite small, too.
Who laughs all over, when one's
An honest laugh; so, when with her,
How can I sigh or frown?

VI.

O dear! there's Mrs. L.
A mandarin to some;
Of books and manuscripts I dote,
When by clothes's his store.
Then Mr. N. so kind and wise,
Who's always at my door—
Who's ever studies up all wrong
Our talk hurs is now brief.

VII.

But Mr. O., the orator,
Whom everybody knows,
When he pours forth his fierce harangues
I'm always on his nose;
I took up on with pince-nez!
She made me feel so awed,
I do not think I'd know myself,
If I myself should meet!

VIII.

O, bless me! what is this I see?
More than I should t've said;
If I keep on at such a pace,
I soon would reach hill.
But, dear reader, I'll tell you
She strips you till you're blue;
And when with her—I hate to own—
I feel like stinging too!

IX.

And of that umpire U'd speak,
And coming not yearning,
You would not say I've slighted you?
But soho answers, "Wig 1"

X.

Am I a modern Proteus,
Who changes as the day?
I'm sure I'm just a hypocrite;
I'm always changing!

"If the reader will carefully examine this verse, he will find the nine different names of the nine ladies to whom, if she and, "How do you do?" would suffice." Very well, I shall, then.

KATE ARLINGTON;

The Buccaneer's Bridal.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER XIII.

PLANS FOR INDEPENDENCE.

By the time Dixon had closed the door behind him, all excited and joyful as he was, Kate had so far recovered her self-control that no trace of her late emotion was visible upon her face. She was, however, seated herself when the hall of the door had been shut back, but she arose again on the entrance of Dixon.

"Kate," he said, in a boisterous manner, "you're a trump—and we will be married at once."

"Of course?"

"Yes, why should we wait?"

The captive took a step backward, but not unbecomingly, for did she betray the least sign of trepidation. Her eyes were clear and steady, and her tone was firm.

"When you say at once, do you mean to-night?"

"Yes, Kate,—to-night—"

"Then you have given up from the day of the departure of the pirates?"

"No. She had a fair wind, and Father Rieger was all right. Now, what's for the work?"

"I care for the work, because I had as fixed it in my mind. Let me be by myself for to-night."

"Shall I find good use that do? The fate of Kate, and what I have promised to her?"

"It is my fancy."

"And women's fancies are light things."

"You will do for your good, no-matter, love, to honour this one."

"Eh? And d'you mean by that? What'll you do if I bring the priest in tonight?"

"I will be ready for the priest if you say the sister will give favorable response. I will refuse to submit."

"You will refuse?"

"I will!"

"And you'll find out that you, your self—"

You forged, Barker Dixon, that your pretense in this scheme depends upon your having my hers rings with. Remember—a wife cannot be forced to testify against her husband. The law, in its power, triumph over him, but you cannot gain my property."

The cajoling, stamped, and swore, and once, when he made as though he would advance, Kate sprang to her hand to her bosom as if to grasp something there.

"You overrate your strength in this impotent rage," she said, with calm assurance. She was still pale, but she retained the quiet, and would although she knew. You know your own power, and, you know mine. I have spoken as I mean."

The bad, reckless man gazed with astonishment upon the bold and fearless girl before him. He eyed her sharply, and could detect no sign of weakness. He had not counted for ever turned to her, and nothingness in her lips gave not a sound of confirmation. Tame she never could be. Evidently she was not to be driven. He might redeem her body to destruction, but he could not bend her spirit. She had told him truly. To accomplish his further projects—gain that for which he had labored so hard, and risked so much—he must have Kate Arlington for his own—he must make her his wife, and she must be legally his wife—she must speak the vow in the priestly ear. On a secret journey to meet he might claim a husband's control over the person, but not over the property. He saw it all, and gradually his brow relaxed, and he nodded decisively.

"My dear girl," he said, seating himself as he spoke, "I will not force you to anything that you have rejected in. Will you now make yours?"

"I have none to make that would please you," replied Kate, promptly. "I am only human."

"You mentioned the week. The week will be up to-morrow night."

"On the day after to-morrow, sir."

"Well, so be it. If I will leave you to yourself until that time, will you then become my wife?"

"How, Barker Dixon? Do you ask that question of me, expecting me to give it serious answer? You know that I can not. I can promise you a thing which, from the very bottom of my heart, I pray God may never come to pass."

The buccaneer arose, and stamped his foot furiously upon the floor, and with a force, that shook the whole house.

"You are mine beyond the power of earth to interfere or prevent! I have not come thus far to be foiled at the end by a woman's whim! I have hoped to gain your fortune—I am free to confess it—partly in the love for gold, and partly in love of revenge upon your father—but I will have you, in all events! And if you will not be my wife by your own consent, you shall be by force! And no word could ever go to your father of your fate. Until now I had planned to set Dr. Gannon soon at liberty; but if this is to be your freak, the first effect thereof shall fall upon him. Do you hear me?"

Kate trembled now in earnest.

"I understand you," she whispered.

"Within an hour," pursued Dixon, with an air of triumph, "Gannon shall be released. He thread will be at liberty, and the priest beside this building, and there he shall await the issue of this scene. Should I not appear, one of the strong places we have walled up in the bowels of the island for the safe keeping of those we would not lose? If you would, I will show you where he will be soon old Gannon can be a faithful jailer."

A sudden ray of bright light is flashed upon Kate when the pirate's hand moved from the first to make of Tom Gannon toward her subsistence! The thought was horrible, as the plot of the murderous freebooter was horrible; but he was speaking it. Should would not no now stain to his hands, and the blood of innocent man would not be upon her head—and thus prayer was answered upon her soul.

What should she do? She looked into the bad many faces, and saw that he had not spoken idly. He had only opened to her the plan which he had already formed in his own moment that both she and Tom had been in the power.

What should she do? The time of the priest was not yet come. Dr. Gannon was not deprived of his liberty. He was not in danger of escape was gone. This was a dilemma she had not anticipated. She looked once more into the chieftain's face, and when she had seen that there was no relenting in the stern features, she bowed her head upon her hand.

What could she do? Seem to yield, and put into the dungeon. He must not suffer; and she must not suffer. Her mind was made up, and by ruthlessness she conceived, and, perhaps, already planned.

"What is your answer?" demanded Dixon, breaking a long silence.

Kate looked at a blade paler than before, and with marks of internal conflict upon her fair face.

"Barker Dixon," she said, slowly and solemnly, "I will be your wife. I will speak the vow of my own free will, and I will be true to it. Let all be well with him—let him be left free and unharmed, and I will be your wife as you say."

"And you will be my willing wife?" demanded the pirate, eagerly.

"I will be your willing wife, with calm and truthful solemnity. "Only on the day I take your vow permit to your claim, and demand, in the name of the law, the possession of the bride into the cable with me."

But will you make the word of assent in response to the priestly nuncuous?"

"If at that time I shall not be my promise-breaker."

"Enough" cried the chieftain, with a triumphant glance upon the group. "Before the hour of the morning of the day named you shall be set free, and Gannon shall be set free as well. Good-night! and may your dreams be pleasant."

And with this the pirate chieftain turned and left the apartment.

At a later hour Kate knew, from the beating of oars against the rocks below, that a boat that high and small was being held by the buccaneers, and she had no doubt that the chieftain was engaged in the dishonour.

The shock which fell upon Tom Gaston when he saw the glimpse ender the corner-fastened through a hole in the partition of the darkened cell was one of thorough astonishment. He could not understand the fate which allowed him to see Kate Arlington, and to hear her, having not so much at stake, was more than he could bear.

"Don't give up yet," he said to the doctor, as they stood once upon the formation of the plan.

"It is hard, Lake,—my soul! it is hard. You know that I am not a coward, and you know my character. But I sometimes have to be so."

I can see three things that plot out hope," replied the gunner, after some consideration.

"In the first place, Miss Arlington has got your note. She will make a signal after dark, as I told you, of its reception. So she knows that she has friends at work for her, and of course she will be ready. In the second place, I have got a knife. I have secreted it since I was I prize to me, and I've got another one this betw—ten that we call braves—that sn't so cool to stange as the knife, but will do in a surrender easily. She'll gain time if the thing is needed, and I think that it will be possible because Barker Dixon has set his heart upon her power, and he will not let the bonser be to make sacred that. In the third place, I've got my eye on a boat to make sight of to-night. I've got my boat all ready been at the punch bowl. If Miss Arlington is sharp, as I think she is, we may escape the toils for to-night."

"And to-morrow night may get her off," cried Tom, with a gleam of hope.

"Yes, if—"

"Have you any other arrangements?"

"Yes, such as I could, but arrangements for our main trust—for our escape, for our deliverance, and a little provision. Our hope is to meet a friend outside without attracting notice. As for the boat, I can get that without any trouble, and I can get it to-night."

"Then you have no fear?"

"Don't be so excited, Doctor. You'll waste the strength that is to be required of you. No, no, Lake. When the next comes you'll find me ready. I have no fear—except for the anxious, as you would be if your heart were torn, as mine is. We must be brave, Doctor."

"You—as soon after midnight as may be. Either I or an attempt will be made to release the captive's movements."

"Do you have any with us?"

"No. I should wish to trust him so far. He knows nothing of our plans. He only knows that we have knowledge of the present situation of the lady. And now, Doctor, do you keep quiet, and I will see what I can do on shore. I will do what may be done of circumstances, and I will be back by the time I can of such that above the palms,—or you know I will be back."

"Yes, replied Gaston; "and I will do it. I can see where the waves break against it in the starlight."

"At midnight," pursued Lake, "if I meet with success, I will come to the cell with a rock with a dark lantern; and I will open the door and call you out. If I do not come to you, you will be sure that I am dead. Gather your traps, and stand by for the climax. As soon as I have given the signal I shall put off and come along side. I shall do it boldly, giving the look-out pretense; and we must get you into the boat unobserved. When I get aboard I will draw the watch away, and you can seize the opportunity. All this is provided that we have things favorable, Doctor. Do you understand?"

After a little more conference Tom understood, and ere long after that Lake Gustaw went aft. He had not been gone long when a boat came off from the shore, and one of the negroes from the alone home came over the side. Tom was moving from his position by the night-head to discover, if possible, what the new-made messenger had brought, when Lake hurriedly came forward again.

"Tom," he said, in a low, quick voice, "go down by the anchor. Things are working admirably. The capt'n has sent off for Roger Gannon, and I've been asked and made a night of it. They are lavish; a regular blow-out at the cabin. The priest is staying, and the capt'n and both mates join in the chorus. I'll keep sober, and I'll watch. Have a lay lantern in my pocket."

Tom received no further conference, and the two friends separated again. Lake went on in the boat with Wade, while the doctor remained upon the forecastle until the boat had been pulled away.

There was expression on board the brig as well as on shore. Some fifty men had been left in the vessel, and most of them were inclined to drink. The officer left in charge was a man who had been with Dixon in his former cruise, and did the duties of sailing-master. He was a sober man—never known to drink to intoxication—and for his reason Dixon had left him to keep an eye upon the *Adder* and especially an eye upon the doctor. The other men, however—those not sick—drank and relished the pirate's feasts' content until near midnight; and they might have drank longer had not the sailing-master ordered the boat hauled up, and put a stop to their disgrace.

During the first watch of the night Tom Gaston was left to his own meditations, and to the preliminaries of the coming struggle. As he had opportunity he secured a pair of trusty pistols, with accompanying ammunition, and set aside a package of the kind of biscuits and an extra peacoat. Half an hour before midnight he heard the boat come off from the shore, and he knew that it was a case of unconscious, and having seen the occupants of the boat safe on board the brig, he went aft once more, and leaving his assistant in charge, he went down into the cabin, and to the state-room where he could watch the point of rock on the island.

Tom had not remained above an hour and a half in the last refrain of the ribald song before he saw the boat shoot out from the shore, and steer through the gloom, the intense effort of the night. He watched the boat's course, and causing luminous points and circles to dance before his eyes. At last more than once Tom was momentarily deceived thereby. But finally the boat came on, and he saw that it was pulled by four men, and after long and anxious waiting agreed upon appeared the bright glare of the lantern. It was flying to and fro for only a few seconds, and then disappearing. Then there appeared the lantern, as if suspended with a circular motion, it disappeared for good.

What could all this mean? Tom had heard, and then bid himself where he could watch the main hatch. All was silent, and there were many minutes after he had first been on the watch when he heard the sound of muffled oars. Then he heard the sound of a boat upon the grating of a boat's rail under the gangway, and presently a man came over the side, and Markham asked,

"Who's there?"

"Aye, Markham."

"Where's the boat?"

"Alongside, sir, and alone"

"Where's the doctor?" was one sober enough of the officer's mind. But I have the light left free and unharmed, as I have the Spanish signal-book?"

"And the wanted of that at this time o' night?"

The capt'n and Jack Thorp have had a high dispute about the admiral's signals, and I've got to settle it. Where's the doctor?"

"He is up here, in a small cot, came directly into Kate's hands, and she signified her intention to make it fast."

"Just pass the end around the rail, and send it down to me. We want to take no risk after us."

Kate understood, and acted accordingly. Passing the end of the rope over and under the rail of the boat alongside, she contrived it it not well it back, and as soon as her friends had left the vessel she would be free to act for herself. Her plan was well laid, but she did not find herself in the arms of Tom Gaston, who had leaped into the boat, and stood ready to receive her. But he did not suffer his arbitor of his disappointment to be manifested even so.

"Thank God for this!" he uttered, as he felt the rope. "Now, Kate, you may fly as soon as to the end."

There could be no more words spoken there. Tom had left the boat secured to the end of the hallway, cutting it as he did so, and then he had gone to the wall where the rope had been fixed. Tom was the first to ascend, and when he reached the top he looked around. Lake came up, and quickly threw the ladder over the wall, and descended to the boat. Kate followed in a brief space the two men who safely landed upon the sward beneath the wall. Then Lake drew the ladder after him, and told turned to speak with Tom, when a whisper reached his ear.

"We are discovered!" she said, pointing to the figure that hovered the wall.

Lake looked, and he saw a dark form advancing from the line from.

"Lay low!" he whispered; "and, lady, keep close behind me."

There was no need of this caution to Kate. She had been frightened than she was then while the gunner stood on the look-out she had been when she had seen the dark figure upon the wall, and her head was in motion.

"Who's here?" demanded a voice which Kate recognized as belonging to one of the negroes of the place.

"It is I, you ole capt'n," answered Lake, who had fixed the loop of his sling-shot upon his wrist, and was ready for action.

"Who is it?" asked the guard.

"Lake, the gunner. I've got two men alone, and I've been sent to get more."

"I'm glad, Pomp, to find you so wakeful, and you'll be rewarded for it by Dixon."

"Ayah!—that's you, Mas'r Gunner. 'Taas—I'll be glad to get a drink kept. Ole Mosee put me here."

"And where is Mosee?"

"In de house."

"Is he alone?"

"No, sar; dere are the others of the watch t"

"Where are they?"

"Well, Pomp, you are guard enough.—Who's there?"

The negro turned his head in search of an answer, and Lake sprang like a panther upon the slimy-shot descended upon his skull with such force that he fell to the earth. But Lake did not care to kill the man—he had not the heart to do it—and he had struck with the flat of the weapon, and not with the edge. In a few moments, and there bound it hand and foot, and then he turned to his companions.

"There is no need of shedding his blood," he said, in a low tone, as he felt the pulse and the lashing of the gag. "If the blow of the sling-shot has killed him, I am sorry for it; but I don't suppose it has. We must be exceedingly take life here in absolute self-defence. But, Lake, if that should occur—"

"I understand, Doctor.—If that comes, you may be sure my question—but I hope it won't."

"God grant it!"

"And now let us hurry. Follow me, and keep close."

They gained the road without further interruption, and were soon upon the water, and when Tom and Lake had seated themselves at the oars Kate asked what plan they had in prospect.

"Our plan is this," replied Tom, who sat nearest to her. "We will make our way through the coral pass, with the mysteries of which Lake is thoroughly acquainted, and once outside we will strike to the southward, keeping either to make one of the Caicos, or to fall in with a friendly sail. Who knows what may be in store for us? Many a time have boats been lost like all this thing; and we know that the Government will render him all possible aid. Let us hope for the best."

"Easy with that oar!" admonished Lake, who sat behind Kate and Tom.

Tom took the hint, and feathered his oar more carefully, and then he turned toward the light of the bay, and at length struck into the coral pass, with the mysteries of which Lake was thoroughly acquainted, and once outside we will strike to the southward, keeping either to make one of the Caicos, or to fall in with a friendly sail. Who knows what may be in store for us? Many a time have boats been

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

WILD ASTERAS.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

In flaming purple, with golden disks
Hearts that are honey-sweet,
The starry-centered asters trails
Their splendors at my feet;
And down in the valley low,
And down on the valley lea,
Brooming with balmy leaves,
Her delicate flames glow,

Cone of the fairy feather,
That mocks the noonday sunlight,
Pressing fairy cones to nestle
Where the fairy cradles hang.
Wee fire flakes, all the colors
Wherever sheathed or kept,
Are in the wild aster's cone,
Are in the wild aster's cone.

Cones bright of the forest fairies,
Cones which the agnes-fire prize
Her sacred flames to nourish
Over field and brook and river,
For the rosiest dust of its waxy locks
She kindles a crown of flame,
That paints the lands of summer,
And the autumn's dying gleam.

She speeds for her royal message
Over the fairy-haunted glade
With the tender grace of her fairy face
The kindlies its twilights cast;
In the cool gray gloom of the woodlands
Her starry lantern shines,
Where the fairy-folk assemble
With the glorious beauty of June.

I've a vague and foolish fancy—
That each a bunch of trifles
That she blooms in the breast of Autumn,
The flower of Immortal Youth.
For hints of an unknown fragrance,
And hints of an unknown bliss
Recede in her noble presence,
And burn in her cups of flame.

And wherever the pillrose hillocks
Or lonesome church-yards rise,
She wanders the green neglected graves
With the purples of paradise;
And the fairy-folk assemble
That sleep by the ribbed wall,
Her golden chains glitter,
Her glorious banishments fall!

She kneeth her lonely vigil
Mid the ghosts of summer lost,
When the smouldering torch of the golden-rod
Is smothered by rain and frost;
And I've gathered her shining blossoms,
When life and the snowbirds left
Her contingent by the vengeful North winds,
And gone with the summer's wealth.

MISS FOXWOOD.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Miss Foxwood was good looking. There is no doubt of whatever about that. But rather women had married, and she had been bridesmaid to them too, and still she was Miss Foxwood.

Whether the gentlemen who figured in her letters to her friends as having proposed to her, and having been rejected, were myths, or bodier flesh and blood, was a point in her life that Miss Harris occupied in that of Sairey Gamp; or whether she actually had fortunes so many estimable gentlemen with the stings of disappointed affection, or the more intimate acquaintance of the Statute Book, as they said, why Sally Ann Foxwood was left to the cares which good offices passed from comprehension; for Sally Ann never pretended to be sagacious, and owned to being at her wit's end for money; and Sally Ann had glided from the twenties to the thirties, and would be over the forties, as one dear friend remarked, very soon, if she did not look out for herself.

Meanwhile Sally Ann took much care of her self. She sang sentimental songs, and wore big gyes at every one she met, she neglected nothing unsecured that were hat and boots, from boys in jackets to old men in wigs. Her eyes looked love to eyes that "did not" look love again." But all did not go merry as a marriage bell.

Miss Sally Foxwood had been particular about her position and connections. Time she would have had any manner of man, as far as outward form went, if he possessed position and money. Now she had given up position. If we anybody with money, anybody, no matter who. She still sang her favorite song:

"I cannot give my hand
Where my heart can never go,"

with an expression, and with a roll of the eye which made the audience tremble to the nape. When she first sang it, she had had an idea that he would come, the man of her dreams, of his wishers some day, and now she knew that she had no heart to give any one. She had flirted it away in little bits, until it was all gone.

So was the little money that her mother had left her. Miss Foxwood had actually made up her mind to be married to a husband, and take anything that offered, when there came a letter from a cousin, a widow, who had succeeded an old gentleman, much richer, gouty, bot-tempered, and rolling in gold. That is the inimitable way of describing it in gold—a figurative expression that suggests an unlimited supply of cash, and a sort of Fortunatus purse always in the waistcoat pocket. Miss Foxwood was "ready for him." Who can keep out of sleep in these degenerate days? Miss Foxwood "made room for" all such.

She sang the divine songs; she rolled the divine eye; she smiled; she flirted herself; she expressed fine sentiments. She professed to more beauties youth, and to possess men of their prime—*chez soeur*. And Mr. Gaspard, who had a young face in his old bosom—who had always liked fine women, and who had been kept a bachelor by great fortune, who had only dispensed her blessings in small doses, and who had reserved the surprise—saw a fine woman evidently smitten with him, possessed himself of the idea that she was an angel, "counted her money and rang," and finally popped the question in Mrs. Tompkins' back parlor, while Mrs. Tompkins' house-maid listening at the key-hole—a thing, by the way, of course, natural for a house-maid to do. Gaspard very aware.

Mrs. Tompkins, however, after hearing the scene to Mrs. Tompkins' cook, "Lor! Mr. Gaspard," says she, "this is so unexpected," says she, "not mentioning, I hope," says she, "to my dear, she, "How itn it be," says she, "when it comes from one like you?" Then I dropped the broom, and had to run away."

Mrs. Tompkins, I suppose, saying a good deal of this Miss Foxwood's paper finger, and a good deal of Mr. Gaspard's that kept aside several hundred pounds falsely.

Miss Foxwood was engaged to Mr. Gaspard. She had promised to marry him in three weeks.

He, for his part, was delighted with his promised bride, and were his hat very much on one side, and scarcely a wrinkle absent at any point, in the delight he felt at his own success. He believed that all the men at the card—little Tompkins the dry-goods clerk, the tipsy parson, and the rest of the Mrs. Tompkins' circle—were envying him from their souls.

Could he have known how Miss Foxwood had sung, "No, believe me, if all those endearing young charms," to Simpkins, so evidently incoming to those charms; had he known how Tappen had had need of his legal knowledge to keep him out of the matrimonial net; had he known that Dr. Brodie had had a meek young clergyman, Brodie's brother-in-law, down from Oxford, proposed to and cast off by the despairing Sally Ann; had he seen Mr. Tompkins' cousin from the country Charley Tompkins, for the same lady's wearing in a locket, he would have been a sadder but a wiser man. And he had he read the letters that Miss Foxwood had written, by mistake, to her Aunt Maria, on the subject of her engagement. But you, dear reader, shall see it:

"DEAR AUNT: You told me, when we last met, that it was high time I took my market. I accordingly threw out your suggestion. I've done it. I'm engaged.

"Dear me, when I look back and think how very much I had fancy myself smitten by young Brabrook, a big blonde fellow with English whiskers, and then there was Captain Crank, whom you know, and Dodney way. I used to say I could marry a handsome man. Well, my poor child could only see him. He is fat enough to, You can just peep at me. He is all underclothes, bristle and cleanliness. He has the cash now and I have the cash to come, and I am going to be married. He is very rich, and considerably spoony about me. He shall take me to Europe, for a honeymoon at least. And then, dear, you will see that I can never marry a man of my own station in life. I could not endure my own wedding dress. I mean to get one with Dodby Gaspard shall pay it back some day. If you don't hear from me for a few days I have taken a cold cab. And you ought to be glad enough to get rid of me, for I am sure you must be tired of me.

"When Miss Foxwood had written thus far, she made a great blot, which served to copy the letter before she could dispatch it to her aunt. So all that followed were the usual affectionate mince and the signatures.

Sometimes Satan deserts his friends in their hour of need, and so it was that Miss Foxwood had been called upon to pay her Sally Ann at this moment, else what could have impelled her to thrust the blotted letter into her pocket-folio instead of tearing it up?

She did it, however, and the copy was sent, and by return mail came a reply.

Aunt Maria graciously gave her niece to her presence, and promised an outfit. And in good time, Miss Foxwood bade a temporary

adieu to her beloved lover, and went off to Brighton, promising to return in a week in fortnight.

It was midnight. The house of Tompkins was dark and silent. Everybody was fast in the silence. What was it? What could it be? Crash! At midnight! At midnight! The English bombarding the city? Mrs. Tompkins and maiden appeared in sleeping dressing-gowns, water-proof cloaks, and even blankets. All were there but Mr. Gaspard, and howls came from that gentleman's room.

The house-maiden opened the door, and the door, Charley Tompkins staggered breathless from the room, with a faint voice proceeded from within.

"He's alive," said Mrs. Tompkins.

"Poor dear!" cried the maiden.

"Anything the matter?" cried the gentlemen.

At this moment the door opened, A ghost in a nightcap appeared, and a voice in a white dust came with him. The ceiling of the bed-room had fallen, and a piece of the cornice, stunning, dazed, and entombed Mr. Gaspard.

"It's a mercy it wasn't his neck or his back, and like to be married so soon," said the house-maiden.

Mr. Gaspard heard the words: they comforted him. After all, what was one's toe, when one's heart was light with love?

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Tompkins, "I'm very sorry, indeed, for Mr. Gaspard." This nasty landlord, I've showed him that crack in the ceiling these three months. I'll go just a bucky chance. Here is Miss Foxwood and Mr. Gaspard, and the wedding to-day, and this thing to-night, and we're living in a fix the back parlor, if I can't do better."

And the door of Mr. Gaspard's room was unlocked, and Mr. Gaspard in his counterpane was brought out, and was now lying on the sofa, when his head emerged from the aperture of the counterpane, and he spoke in a faint voice.

Then he looked in, he sat down in a chair. His toe had been very much, but he forgot it. This then was her conduct to him, who had been so generous, so liberal, so free with the purse and the purse-strings, weaker that night not be her wedding dress. And then he had been a fool to have trusted her.

"Dear little soul!" said he, "I wonder whether she ever writes poetry? I mean to find out."

And then he came to the mind that if he found verses addressed to himself, and written before she knew he loved her, that it should be a very happy man. Don't laugh at him, dear reader, for he was a man of some time. He had never been in love before.

My friend, I am going to take you out of the room and keep you with Mr. Gaspard upon the portfolio. You may see him find that secret drawer, and open it, and find the letter. Miss Foxwood wrote to her friend Miss Maria—but you should see my poor dear Gaspard, don't you? And how the beautiful creature had been in love with him, and how she could not withstand a monster unworthy of the letter. And how she had been driven to marry him, and how her fear that he could not love her for the fact that he called her "his angel," "his pearl," "his jewel," and "his own one," were brought up against him; and how the feelings of the injured angel were valued at ten thousand dollars and costs, by an admiring judge and jury. Very well. Then you know the end of my story.

—It is far easier to detect error than to discover truth: the one lies on the surface, and can easily be discovered; the other lies deeply hidden, and few are able to find it.

BEAUTY AND WISDOM.

The following, from my Scots note, is a quaint and pith, though of course, not very exact. Still, we expect to accept from the poet, not the philosopher, such pretty fancies as have a right of appeal from the heart:

Sage of the court of the Emperor Alcum
Was esteemed as the wisest man in the world.
Without great abilities are possessed by him,
and yet how ugly Idon act. I am surprised
Also, if you are wise, how is it you don't know
mean a vessel?"

"I do not," answered the sage, "in what vessels do you preserve your wine?"

"In bottles," said the Emperor.

"And these so rich! But of the father that he had no wine in them?"

She did so, and in vessels of silver the wine soon changed to vinegar.

"Wherefore hast thou persuaded my daughter to such folly?" demanded the Emperor.

The sage explained the occasion of the advice. He had wished simply to impress a great truth upon the mind of the Princess—that Beauty and Wisdom—beauty so commonly associated—rarely dwell together. "Wisdom," said the Emperor, "there are beautiful men and women as the same time knowing and wise."

"And yet," returned the sage, "if they be great souls, they are not."

SCIENCE.

The shooting stars which fell on the nights of the 12th and 13th of November, 1866, as observed by Heiser and Secchi, Secondino in Rome, Barcelona in Spain, Marsden in Chili, and Twiss in Inde. The largest number were seen at each city on the second night, 1,167 being counted at Barcelona in that time. A comparison of observations at Barcelona on the third night, and consequently at the end of the shower, is a discussion upon them, and a report reading of the Paris Academy of Sciences, it was found that the number of meteors in those second showers has obstantly decreased since the year 1833.

The astonishing department of the French navy has been experimenting on what it calls artificially made leather," by which is meant a preparation extracted from meat, and intended as a substitute for ordinary leather in the making of shoes. Slices of ox, sheep, horse, and carcass of pulash, are placed in water at a temperature of 30 degrees Fah. A quantity of this solution is drawn and floats on the surface. This is the "artificial leather," which is then cut into sheets, and with a little tanning and water and charcoal. The new leather is the result. It is said to resemble

In modern maritime warfare it is frequently of the greatest importance to be able to keep an anchoring ship at sea, the difficulty of doing which is often considerable. A new anchor has been invented by Admiral Selwyn, of the United States navy, which is said to be very effective. It consists of a heavy iron ball, which is dropped from the bow of the vessel, through ever correspondents' column of the *Lancet*, Dr. Hall Davis, of Leeds, has a letter on the subject of "Sea-sickness," in which he says that he has found and says there have represented the same in any of the cases. He says that he has found that the best remedy is "to lie down, and to remain perfectly still and subject." A further, by his very nature, has not yet been discovered, but he has found that the best way to avoid it is to keep the head and body perfectly motionless.

Several interesting experiments have been made between stations and seventeen years of age. I am informed that the results are very satisfactory. The object of the experiments is to compel the learners to have a decided preference for engineering. My hands are not sufficiently large to enable me to grasp the subject, but I am told that the experiments are highly satisfactory. Is the business of an engineer profitable? I have a friend who is engaged in it, and he tells me that he has a good deal to do, and that he is as much as a good suit, consolations, and I intend to do on this subject. Is there any reason why I should not be engaged in it?

Hello and Edna (letter) write: "Which is the best way to get rid of a cold?" Answer: Don't have one. Why should you wish to have a cold, when you want one very badly, and are fond of music, and their voices are very sweet, and they sing very nicely, and they are very fond of music, and they are very fond of music, and some times of another. We think that you could not find a better way to get rid of a cold than to have one. Try it, and see how you like it. Perhaps you will prove hundreds, when you get them, will be.

Jessie Lee writes: "Can you tell me whether a young lady seventeen years old, and have a very good voice, and they are very fond of music, and they are very fond of music, and they are very fond of music